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Sweet my Child, I Live for Thee.

How they brought their warrior dead:
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die.

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

The Old Home.

Yes, still the same, the same old spot;
The years may go, the years may come,
Yet through them all there changeth not
The old familiar home.

The poplars by the old mill stream
A trifle taller may have grown;
The vines round the turret green
Perchance more thickly thrown.

Yet still the same green lanes are here
That brought their violet scouts in spring,
And heard through many a golden year
The winsome echoes ring.

Of children in the April morn,
Knee deep in yellow cowslip blooms;
Of lovers' whispers lightly borne
Through sultry twilight glooms.

And out upon the red-bricked town,
The quaint old houses stand the same;
The same old sign swings at the Crown.
Ablaze in sunset flame.

Yet still 'tis not the same old spot—
The old familiar friends are gone.
I ask of those who know them not;
All strangers every one.

The morning brooks may sing the same;
The whitethorns blossom in the May;
But each long-loved, remembered name
Has passed in turn away.

Little Gulnever.

When Queen Gulnever of Britain was a little wench."
—*Love's Labor's Lost.*

Swift across the palace floor
Flashed her tiny wilful feet;
"Playfellow, I will no more,
Now, I must my task complete."

Arthur kissed her childish hand,
Sighed to think her task severe,
Walked forth in the garden land,
Lonely, till she reappear.

She has sought her latticed room,
Overlooking fairy seas,
Called Launcelot from a bowery gloom,
To feast of milk and honey of bees.

"Had we bid Prince Arthur too,
He had shaken his grave head,
Saying, My holidays are few!
May queens not have their wills?" she said.

Thus she passed the merry day!
Then her women spake and smiled:
"All we see we need not say,
For Gulnever is but a child." *A. W.*

MY NIGHT IN A BOX.

"And must you really go away, and remain all night in that nasty old box of yours, and leave your Little Rosebud, as you call her, all alone here, to imagine all sorts of horrid things happening to her poor old boy? Couldn't you stay at home just for this one night?"

"Couldn't possibly do it, my love," said I, struggling into my greatcoat, and possessing myself at the same time of my big driving-gloves, which my little wife was absently trying to fit on her own little hands.

"Not if I very much wished it, Willie? Do you know, I felt so strange and lonely last night, when you were away, that I could hardly make up my mind to go to bed at all; and to-night I can scarcely bear the thought that you should be so long absent. You know what a timid, foolish little thing I am."

Her arm quietly stole round me, and she looked up to my face with a wistful, anxious look, while a tear stood glistening in the corners of her sweet, blue eyes.

"Why, you wee goose," said I, kissing away the bright token of her earnestness, "what has put such absurd thoughts into that wise little noddle of yours? Are you afraid that the fairies will waylay me and spirit me away to their elfin-land? If they do, I shall tell them that I have left a fairy at home, and not even the blandishments of the queen herself shall tempt me into their uncanny country. But seriously, Maggie, there is nothing to be alarmed about. I shall be at home by seven o'clock, at the latest; but since you are so eerie, I will call at father's as I pass, and send up my brother Bob to keep you company and stay in the house all night. Will that content you, little woman?"

"No; don't do that; it would look foolish, and Bob would only laugh at me when he came. He does not understand me. I think no one does understand me—except you, dear Will."

"Thank you, Mag; I think I do understand you. But here comes the gig: so good-bye, and don't fret for the short time I am away. I shall be back long before you are done dreaming."

So saying, I mounted the gig and drove rapidly along the frozen road. But my wife lingered by the porch, following me with her eyes; and so long as the house was in sight, I could, on leaning back, see her white dress shimmering ghost-like in the light which streamed through the open door.

At the time of which I write, I was telegraph superintendent on the Wilton and Longbank line of railway. One of the clerks, who was on night-duty, had been taken suddenly ill, and being unable to find a suitable substitute, I had taken his work myself until such time as he should recover. I had only been married a few months, and was by no means reconciled to the necessity of leaving my wife and home to pass the night in that "nasty old box," as Mag called it—and she was perfectly right in her description. But I knew that it was a necessity, and I knew likewise that no grumbling of mine could mend the matter.

A drive of about eight miles brought me to my post. There was nothing very extraordinary in the duty to which I had been called away, nor was it any new experience to me; but on that night my mind was filled with vague, indefinable fears, for which I tried in vain to account. The night was clear and windless, and away to the northwestern sky the aurora borealis was flitting to and fro in a thousand strange fantastic shapes. As I watched the shifting and quivering gleams, now shooting in rapid succession from one luminous center, and anon spreading and rolling wave after wave across the starry heavens, I began to think of the disastrous omens of war, plague and famine, which in the olden times men drew from such sights. Somewhat of the same emotion I felt in my own mind, and reason as I would, I felt it impossible to shake off the growing sense of uneasiness and gloom which had taken possession of me. On entering the telegraph station, the clerk whom I had come to relieve was ready to depart.

"You won't have much to do to-night, sir," said he. "The instruments are quite unworkable; no signals have been received for the last three hours. Good night."

When I was left alone, I found that it was as he had said. The electric currents, which are developed in the atmosphere during most meteorological changes, had rendered the wires quite useless; and although the needles swayed ceaselessly backwards and forwards, they made no sign which the wisdom of man could interpret. Seeing that my office was likely to be a sinecure, I drew my chair to the stove, and taking down a book which I saw on a shelf, I tried to interest myself in the story. The volume I had discovered was "Jane Eyre;" and although, since that time, I have read with tears and laughter, it and the other works that came from the same true and loving pen, yet on that night the spell of her who is so powerful to awaken our interest and enlist our sympathy—who has given us Black Rochester and chronicled with no unkindly hand the vagaries of the three eccentric curates, and won our hearts for Professor Emanuel Carl Paul—had no power to quiet my wild, wandering thoughts. While I was turning listlessly over the the leaves, the stillness was startled by the sharp, quick clanging of the electric bell, the usual signal to prepare to read off a message. With a shiver of alarm, I turned quickly to the instrument, but soon perceived that that bell had been rung by no earthly power, for the vibrating needles made no intelligible sign, and I knew that the sound had been produced by a current of atmospheric electricity acting upon the wires.

Smiling at the nervousness which caused me to start at so ordinary an occurrence, I turned from my desk, and again sat down by the fire. But smile as I would, and reason as I might, I felt that I was fast succumbing to vague foundationless fears. Thinking that the atmosphere of the room, which I felt close and hot, might have something to do with my peculiar condition of mind, I flung open the door, and stepped outside, in the hope that the cool air might scare away the phantoms of my brain. As I crossed the threshold, the midnight express crashed past with a speed and force which shook every timber of the building, and uttering a loud shriek, disappeared into the tunnel at the end of the steep gradient, on the summit of which my station was placed. When it had gone, there was stillness, stillness broken—if I can call it broken—only by the peculiar sighing of the air passing across the wires, which is heard even in the calmest of nights. I stood and listened to the strange, melancholy, Æolian-harp like sound, now so faint as to be almost inaudible, and anon swelling into a wild low wailing. I looked up and saw Orion and the Pleiades, and thought how often on nights, not long ago, when I had watched for Maggie in the wood, I had gazed up through the tall sombre pines and watched their trembling fires. From that my mind reverted to the earnestness with which my wife had asked me to remain at home that night, and the unusual pensiveness of her manner when she bade me good-bye. What could be the meaning of it all? As a general rule, I had a most profound disbelief in omens, presentiments, and all sorts of superstition; but in spite of it, I felt that I would have given a good deal at that time, to be transported just for one minute to my home, to see whether all was well there. I might have called up my assistant, who lodged in a farmhouse not far distant, and gone home; but as I could give no good reason for going away, I resolved to stay where I was, and get through the night as best I could. "If this goes on," said I to myself as I turned inside again, and poked up the coals with rather more noise and vigor than was absolutely necessary—"if this goes on much longer, I shall have to consult a doctor, that's plain." For I knew that the causeless apprehensions which I experienced were often only the symptoms of an unusual state of bodily health. I filled my pipe and lit it, but the weed had lost its usual tranquilizing power. As the wreaths curled slowly upwards, I saw my wife's face looking at me tearfully as when I had left her. Again the bell rang sharply; but, as before, no intelligible sign was made by the needles. I leaned my elbows on the desk, and, with my head between my hands, watched their unending motions. An hour might have passed thus, when once more I was startled by the clang of the bell. This time it was louder and more urgent, and, it seemed to me, though perhaps I may err here, with a peculiar unearthly sound, such as I had never heard before. I am utterly unable to tell in what manner the impression was produced, but it seemed as if there mingled with the metallic ring the tone of a human voice—and it was the voice of one I knew. The needles, I now observed, began to make signs which I understood; and slowly, as if some novice were working the instrument, the letters "C-o-m-e" were signaled. No sooner had I read off the final "e" than, to my amazement and terror, I distinctly saw the handle of my instrument, although I was not touching it at the time, as it grasped by some invisible hand, move rapidly, and make the signal "Understood," which the receiver of a message transmits at the end of every word.

A cold thrill ran through me, and I felt as if every drop of blood were leaving my heart. Could I have been the subject of an optical delusion? I knew that such was not the case, for I had plainly heard the click of the handle as it turned, and now I could perceive that another word was being slowly spelt out. But so bewildered and terrified was I, that I failed to catch the signs. Again my handle moved, and this time made the signal "Not understood." With an overwhelming feeling of awe, I watched the dials intently while the letters were again signaled, and this time I read "H-o-m-e." Then there was a cessation of all motion for a second or two, and once more the needles resumed their incoherent vibrations. I stood petrified with fear and amazement, half believing that I was in a dream, for reason refused to accept to the evidence of sense. Could that be a message for me? If so, whence came it? What hand had sent it? Could it be that some power higher than that of nature thus warned me of impending danger? Should I obey the mysterious summons?

While I thus deliberated the bell again sounded with a clangor still more loud, imperious and unearthly, and, after a few uncertain movements, the magnets repeated the words "Come home—come home!" the handles moving as before. I could remain at my post no longer. Come what might, I felt that I had no alternative but to obey. I ran to the house where the clerk lived, and on rousing the inmates and gaining admission, told him that he must take my place immediately, as I had been suddenly called away. The man seemed somewhat surprised at my excited and startled manner, but what he said or did I cannot recollect. On entering the stable where my horse was stalled, I perceived a saddle hanging on the wall; and knowing that I could get over the ground more swiftly riding than driving, I threw it on his back, and in a minute or two was dashing along the road in the direction of home. I shall never forget that ride. Although I urged my horse with whip and voice till he flew rather than galloped, the pace was far too slow for my excited mind. Woods, bridges with the moonlit streams rippling beneath them, farmhouses where the deep-voiced watch-dogs were awakened by the loud beat of hoofs, shot by me like things in a dream; and at last, breathless and panting, we clattered up the long causewayed street of the village where I lived. All was dark and silent in the houses, and the windows seemed to stare blank and vacantly in the bright moonlight. Suddenly a horse and rider appeared at the other end of the street, with a hoarse cry, "Fire!" At the same instant, the church bell was rung violently, and at once, as if by a common impulse, the whole village started into life. Lights appeared in the houses, and a hundred windows were dashed quickly up. I saw white figures standing at them, and heard voices crying "Where?" Checking my horse with a jerk, which threw him upon his haunches, I listened for the reply, "Craigside House!"

Great Heaven! my worst fears were realised. It was my own home. I choked down the agony, which almost forced a cry, and pressing onward with redoubled speed, soon arrived at the scene of the fire. The house was a large old one, and when I reached it, smoke was issuing in thick, murky volumes from the windows of the second flat, while fierce tongues of flame were already leaping along the roof. A crowd of men were hurrying confusedly about with buckets and pails of water. In the centre of a group of women I found our maid, Mary, stretched on the grass in a swoon. "My wife!" I exclaimed, as I rushed forward, "where is she?" "God knows, sir," said one of the men; "we have twice tried to reach the second flat, but were each time driven back by the smoke and fire." Without uttering a word I entered the house, and ran along the lobby. The stair, fortunately, was built of stone, but the wood-work on each side was one mass of blazing and crackling flame. Before I had taken three steps I fell back, blinded, fainting, and half suffocated with the smoke. Two men who had followed me caught me in their arms, and tried to restrain me by force from endeavoring to ascend again. "Don't attempt it," they said; "you will only lose your own life, and can't save hers." "Let go, you coward!" I cried as soon as I could speak; and, with the strength of madness, dashed them aside. I rushed up the stairs, and this time succeeded in reaching the first landing in safety. The room which we used as our bedchamber led off a small parlor which was situated on this flat. Groping my way through the smoke, I found the door, but, to my horror, it was locked! I dashed myself against it again and again, but it resisted all my efforts. To return as I had come was now impossible, and I knew that the only hope of saving even my own life was to go forward. Despair gave me strength, and lifting my foot, I struck it violently against one of the lower panels of the door. It yielded a little. Another blow, and it was driven in. I crept through the opening, but so thick was the smoke in the parlor that I could distinguish nothing. "Maggie, Maggie!" I shrieked, "where are you?" but no answer was returned. Crossing the parlor I gained our bed-room door. To my joy it was open, and stretched on the floor I found the apparently lifeless form of my wife. I bent over her, and on placing my hand on her heart I found that it was still beating. I lifted her very tenderly and gently, and carried her in my arms to the window, which I broke open. Of what followed I am only dimly conscious; I have a confused remembrance of men bringing a ladder, and strong arms helping us down, and the people cheering; but it is all very vague and indistinct. My next recollection is that of finding myself in my father's house all bruised and weak, but with my own wife bending over me, and tending me with loving hands. We had been burned out of house and home. Fortunately everything was insured; but even had it not been so, I had been content so long as she was spared to me.

On the evening of the next day, when the short winter twilight was fast closing round, and the first snowflakes were falling, Maggie drew a little stool close to the cough on which I lay, thinking over the strange events which I have related. I had said nothing to anybody regarding the warning which I had so mysteriously received; and when questioned as to what had caused me to return so opportunely, had always made some evasive answer, for I feared that the reality would never have obtained belief.

"Willie," said the soft low voice of my wife, "if you had not come home——"

"Hush, my darling. Don't talk like that, for I can't bear even to think of it."

"But it might have been. And do you know, Willie, I had such a strange dream on that awful night?"

"A dream, Maggie? Tell me what it was."

"You remember," said she, drawing nearer to me, "the evening you took Mary and me into the telegraph office, and told us all about the batteries, and magnets and electricity, and a great many things which we couldn't understand at all, though we pretended to do so, lest you should think us stupid?"

"Perfectly."

"And you remember, too, how, when I said that I should like to send a message with my own hands, you made me take hold of the handle, and then you guided it, while I sent a message to your brother Robert, who was in the office at Lowestoft then? And the end of it was, 'Come, home—come home!' which I repeated over and over again, until I could do it quite well without your help."

I turned quickly round, but she was gazing intently at the fire, and did not perceive the startled look I gave her.

"Well," she continued, "the night before last, when you were away, I could not sleep for a long time after I went to bed; and when I did sleep, I dreamed—such a horrible dream! I thought that I was in your office again; and I had fled there because I was chased by some Terrible Thing. I did not know what it was, but it was close behind me, and I thought nobody could save me but you. But you were not there, and so I seized the handle, and signed the words, 'Come home—come home!' as you had taught me, thinking that would be sure to bring you. Then, when you did not come, I felt its hot breath on my neck, as if it were going to clutch me in its dreadful arms, and I screamed so loud that I awoke. The room was all dark, and filled with smoke so thick that when I jumped up, I fainted for want of air. And, O Willie, if you had not come just when you did, I might——"

"There, Maggie; don't let us think of what might have been, but rather let us be thankful that we are spared to each other still."

"ALL RIGHT."—How many of us but see the expression a dozen times a week, and have it stick in the throat, at least half of them? It is coming to be a hypocritical appendage of business and social intercourse.

A sponge goes behind the counter, cuts off a dime's worth of tobacco or cheese, with an excuse that he wants a "sample" and the grocery man says, "that's all right."

A customer returns a pair of shoes to the dry goods man soiled and injured after half a day's wear, grunting, "they are too small," and the merchant says, "that's all right."

A church member puts his name down for $25 to pay the preacher, and when called on, gives only $10, with the remark, that "times are too hard," and the parson says, "that's all right."

A loafer makes a regular practice of coming into a printing office, and begging a copy of the paper, stating that he "just wants to read it," and the edition is short, the editor groans with ghastly politeness, "that's all right."

An extravagant debtor tells a patient creditor every time he meets him that he intends to pay the account "to-morrow, certain," and the poor dun turns off with "that's all right."

And so it goes. It's all wrong, and we say it's all right, and by our want of spirit and independence encourage laziness, imposition, stinginess and every other sin under the sun.

PROFITS OF GAS.—Whoever has money, let him invest it with gas companies. There is no business so sure and none which offers the same chance for making up sums of money when they are needed. It appears from a statement in the New York *World* that the Manhattan company paid but $25 per share on their capital, the profits having paid the rest, and run the value of stock up to $211, thus representing an accumulation of 440 per cent., besides regular semi-annual dividends. In Cincinnati the profits of the gas company pay about twenty per cent. per annum on a capital of $2,850,000.

The Kansas and Her Convoy.

Edwin White, commanding officer of the U. Ship *Kansas*, has sent to the Secretary of the Navy a report of his action in conveying the steamship *Virginius* from beneath the guns of the Spanish man-of-war *Pizarro*. After receiving his instructions from the U. S. Government, Lt. White says he returned to his ship, and at night loaded his guns. He adds: This I did under cover of darkness, for the reason that I thought it best to make no demonstration which might lead the commander of the Pizarro to believe the preparations were being made with hostile intent, for the reason that they were precautionary measures merely, and I did not desire to do anything which he might construe as mere bravado. During the next morning, preparations for sea were clearly visible on board the Virginius. Her motions were closely followed by the Pizarro. Both vessels were getting up steam and their boats were hoisted. The large rifle pivot of the Pizarro, mounted on the mortar deck, was pointed upon the Virginius, as well as her two starboard broadside guns. I therefore sent the men quietly to quarters, making no display above the rail, neither showing a crew at the rifled twenty pounder on the forecastle, nor making a display of the marine guard on the poop deck. Served out an ample supply of ammunition for small arms and pistols and inspected carefully all arrangements for supplying powder and fighting the guns; made preparations for slipping the cable. This being done, I caused the men to leave their quarters; their belts equipped, to be deposited at the guns, ready for use at a moments notice. After sending officers and papers to the commanding officer of the Pizarro, that he might understand the position of affairs, Lt. White adds:—

The Virginius got under weigh at the same moment we slipped our chain, went to quarters and cast loose battery and sanded down decks for and aft. The Virginius immediately took up position on our port bow. We steamed ahead, so as to bring the Pizarro on our starboard quarter. In this relative position the two vessels proceeded to sea, the Virginius being about two cables length ahead, and the Pizarro three cables length of our starboard quarter. The Virginius stood up the coast about north-northeast, occasionally standing more to the northward, thus gradually diverging from the coast until we were about four miles off. During the first three-quarters of an hour the Virginius dropped us until we were from a half to three-fourths of a mile astern. The Pizarro we dropped very rapidly, and it soon became evident that the Virginius was more than a match for her in point of speed. Captain Bowen, hailed us and said that he felt no apprehensions whatever; that so far he had carried only nine pounds of steam, and that he thought he could look out for himself. During this hour and a half we had not logged more than eight knots, as the Pizarro was about three miles astern. I continued in company with the Virginius for an hour longer, until half-past four, at which time, as nearly as I could judge the Pizarro was about five miles astern. I went about on my return passed close aboard the Pizarro, so closely that I could recognize her commander without a glass.

She was pitching very much at the time, and from the volume of dense smoke which was constantly emitted from her two smoke pipes I am of opinion that her fires were being forced and that she was making all possible speed. When abreast of the Pizarro I looked at the Virginius. She was completely hull down, her paddle-boxes just showing above the horizon. I reached our former anchorage about half past six and picked up the chain which we had slipped.

Wesley's Out-Door Preaching.

Almost inaccessible to weariness or physical pain, he made his way over hill, moor, and arid mountains, often frozen by the chill blasts and thickening snows of the uplands, or shivering amidst the Scotch mists; yet storm and frost never checked his ardor; never would he forget or pass over his appointment to preach. He pressed on with the resolution of a Cæsar over dangerous roads, through inclement weather, and often rose hoarse with cold and worn with travel, to speak to the anxious throngs who awaited his coming; yet he relates that as he spoke his physical pain would disappear, his vigor return, and a genial ardor restore his feeble frame to unprecedented strength. Sometimes he preached while the fierce winds and the autumnal frost passed unnoticed over his attentive people; more than once the rain descended and the lightnings played while he described the triumphs of faith. Over his immense audiences Wesley exerted a singular influence, that was almost unknown to Whitefield or his followers; his calm and thoughtful rhetoric produced results that might seem appropriate only to the most impassioned eloquence. Sobs and cries broke from the sternest breasts; strong men fell down in convulsions of misery and despair. The room in which he preached was often filled with loud outcries and wild exclamations; women fell into trances and groveled in the dust; and these "stricken cases," as they were termed, formed so marked a trait of the new movement as to excite the reprobation of the cold and censorious and startle the philosophical. But Wesley saw in these singular occurrences the natural struggle for a new life, and he at least, was not appalled when his vast audience was shaken as if with a mighty wind, when wild sobs and shouts of agony passed over the startled throng, and they fell groveling on the earth; for he believed the Spirit of God was moving them to repentance. Nor in any period of strong religious excitement—when Savonarola preached and Bernard prayed—have similar traits of deep emotion been unobserved.—*Eugene Lawrence*

An Indianapolis man writes to his favorite paper: "Please say to the party that made an attempt to burgle No. 368 North Mississippi street, between the hours of 2 and 3 o'clock this morning, that if his present infirmity does not interfere with him doing so, to make one more trial at his earliest convenience, and bring his winding sheet and coffin plate with him. I have his burial certificate ready, and signed by Smith & Wesson in six volumes. Death to sneak thieves."

AN AFFECTING SCENE.—At one of the recent Communist trials, the wife of Feltesse, the prisoner on trial, was called as a witness. She entered the court with a feeble tread; in her arms she carried a new-born child. At the sight of her Feltesse broke into wild sobs, while the poor woman uncovered the unconscious little baby's face and held it up so that the father might at least once see his child. The scene was very affecting.

SAD.—A man and wife in Ohio were discussing lately the death of a child through drinking concentrated lye, and were wondering why people would be so forgetful as to leave such a thing where a child could reach it. Meanwhile, their little fifteen-months-old baby found its way to a crock of the same liquid and drank it, dying within a short time.

Nine persons were killed at a recent Parliamentary election in Hungary.

The Cost of a Strike.

The Chicago *Tribune*, speaking of the possible strike of the workingmen in that city, says: We have now in Chicago, say:

	Per diem.	Per week.
12,000 carpenters, earning $3.50 per day	$42,000	$255,000
8,000 bricklayers, earning $5 per day	40,000	240,000
2,500 plasterers, earning $5 per day	10,000	60,000
2,000 painters, earning $3.50 per day	7,000	42,000
3,500 stonecutters, earning $4 per day	14,000	84,000
27,00 workingmen, earning	$113,000	$678,000

A strike by the above workmen stops a supply of $678,000 per week, or about two millions every three weeks, now being paid to their families. A strike for two months would waste a larger sum of money than the whole world's charity to Chicago on the occasion of her great calamity, a charity so munificient that even the donors were astonished at the grand aggregate of their own liberality. It would mean for each workingman the waste of more money than he could save by his labor for a year.

But this is not the whole of the account. These thirty thousand workingmen are nearly all tenants, very few of them owning houses of their own. If they board, their rent is a part of their weekly charge. With their families, averaging three to each workingman, they number one hundred thousand people to be provided with shelter—a number nearly as great as was burned out of homes by the great conflagration. Not much less than one-third of the population of the city are connected by some tie of dependence with this mechanic and building class. They have the most direct interest as tenants in reducing rents, and this can only be done by the rapid rebuilding of the city. If a general strike should delay the rebuilding of Chicago, for every day the work is so delayed the workmen engaged in it will find an extra dollar per month added to their rent next winter.

The Olden Things.

As we grow older, says Oliver Wendell Holmes, we think more and more of old persons and of old things and places. As to old persons, it seemed as if we never knew how much they had to tell until we are old ourselves and they have been gone twenty or thirty years. Once in a while we come upon some survivor of his or her generation that we have overlooked, and feel as if we had recovered one of the lost books of Livy or fished up the golden candlestick from the ooze of the Tiber. So it was the other day after my reminiscences of the old gambrel-roofed house and its visitors. They found an echo in the recollections of one of the brightest and liveliest of my suburban friends, whose memory is exact about everything except her own age, which, there can be no doubt, she makes out a score or two of years more than it really is. Still she was old enough to touch some lights—and a shadow on two—into the potraits I had drawn, which made me wish that she and not I had been the artist who sketched the pictures. Among the lesser regrets that mingle with graver sorrows for the friends of an earlier generation we have lost, are our omissions to ask them so many questions they could have answered so easily, and would have been so pleased to be asked. There! I say to myself sometimes, in an absent mood, I must ask her about that. But she of whom I am now thinking has long been beyond the reach of any earthly questioning, and I sign to think how easily I could have learned some fact which I should have been happy to have transmitted with pious care to those who are to come after me. How many times have I heard her quote the line about blessings brightening as they take their flight, and how true it proves in many little ways that one never thinks of until it is too late!

OSTRICH FARMS.—The raising of the ostrich in a tame state for its feathers is now carried on extensively in Africa. The birds are kept in inclosures, and fed on lucerne, with which the inclosure is planted. Every eight months they are plucked, some extracting the quill at once, and others cutting the quill a little above its insertion, and then removing the roots a couple of months later. The latter method is said to give better results with less injury to the bird. The yield is about fifty dollars per annum for each bird. In breeding it is found to be best to allow one female to each male, though in the wild state five females are attached to a single male. There are usually two broods in a year, and the male and female sit on the eggs by turns, the male generally taking the largest share of this duty. The female takes chief charge of the brood after it is hatched. The young are reared on chopped lucerne, and as they get older a little grain is given them; They also require abundance of water, and a liberal supply of pulverized quartz and small bones. When grown, no food suits them better than chopped lucerne or trefoil, with an occasional supply of cabbage, fruit, and grain.

THE GERMS OF DISEASE.—An article says, that as the result of a series of experiments on the low forms of life by heat, Dr. Grace Calvert demonstrates that the germs of disease will withstand a temperature of 300 degrees Fahrenheit. Exposure to such a heat as this injures the fibers of all kinds of cloth so seriously that they are unfit for further use. It is therefore evident that the mere agency of heat cannot be depended upon for the destruction of the germs or corpuscles attached to the clothing of persons who have suffered from any contagious disease. The necessity for a change in opinion regarding the power of chlorine gas to accomplish this purpose is urged in a recent report of the New York Board of Health on the disinfection of clothing and bedding, and sulphurous acid gas prepared by burning sulphur for the disinfection of rooms. The latter substance, especially, seems to have the power of utterly destroying the germs of small-pox, while chlorine frequently fails altogether, or only accomplishes the object in an imperfect manner.

A SINGULAR CASE.—A young, handsome, and well-dressed lady appeared at the county jail in Chicago, with a license and a justice of the peace, and insisted on being married to a notorious hotel thief, who is awaiting trial which will undoubtedly result in a five years' sentence to the penitentiary. The woman belongs to a wealthy and respectable family of Chicago, who are in great distress on account of the infatuation of their daughter for the thief. The marriage ceremony was performed and the thief returned to his cell.

A COUNTERFEITER DROWNED.—G. Tyler, with another notorious counterfeiter of Fort Wayne, was discovered by two United States detectives near Wellsville, Ohio, on the river bank. Tyler drew a revolver and fired a ball through the coat of one of the officers. The officer returned the fire, shooting one man through the hand. Tyler then made for the river, jumped in and was drowned, leaving on the bank his coat, which contained $1,100 counterfeit twenties, legal tenders. The other man fled to the hills.

A new style of linen collar is composed of small points, trimmed with narrow fluted lace and jabot to match.

ON THE WINGS OF THE WIND.

I do not think I ever felt prouder in my life than I did one morning when Mr. Job P. Slogger, our locomotive "boss," accosted me as I was making ready the "Milwaukie" to take the through train westward——

"Well, George, heard the news? Guess not, eh? You ain't got to run this route again."

I turned pale, fearing I had got into some scrape; but I only said—"Why, sir?"

"Why!" he repeated, smiling at my scared looks—"because you're put up in Abel's place. You feel kinder spry, I reckon?"

I did indeed feel "kinder spry," for Abel, a first rate hand, had just been promoted, with a handsome *douceur*, for gallant conduct upon a certain occasion. I was his companion upon that occasion; and as the adventure was the cause of my being made an engine-driver, I will, with your permission, proceed to relate it without further preface. Soon after my arrival in the States, I succeeded in obtaining a situation as fireman on one of the trunk lines. After a time I became associated with Abel Storer, who had the reputation of a first-class engine-driver, though he was, to my taste, a little too reckless; and when "in liquor" nothing daunted him. From Abel, I heard many tales respecting the encounters he had had with "white Injuns," as he denominated certain filibustering gentlemen, who had a playful habit of disguising themselves as Indians, and carrying off any species of ammunition contained in the wagons. At times, indeed, I believe they did not hesitate to commit the most dreadful outrages under the guise of the war-paint.

One morning, about two months after my having been appointed "fireman," we got orders to take a train down to Landerville. Abel was, accordingly, in great hopes of shooting some "Injuns," and provided himself with a quantity of ammunition for his six-shooter, I, more sceptical, neglected this precaution. We started, however, having a quantity of specie in boxes, some valuable stores, and a mixed cargo of "notions" in our charge. We had received instructions to shunt at Bunkum city for a faster train with passengers; and then (if it had not previously run into us) to assist it up the steep incline at that place, our train being subsequently helped up by another locomotive.

We arrived at Bunkum, siding in safety about five o'clock, and hearing nothing of the following train, replenished the engine, and then proceeded to look for some food for ourselves. We pitched upon a small "store," where we managed to procure food, and some of the most fiery stuff (miscalled whisky) that I ever tasted. Abel drank it greedily, however, while I devoted myself to the food. We were on the eve of departure as two rough-looking fellows entered, and demanded "liquor," "taking stock" of us as they swaggered about. Seeing that Abel was becoming more intoxicated, and recollecting that the passenger train must be due, I attempted to remove him, but one of the strangers, stepping forward, requested us to "liquor up" before we started. Abe granted a drunken assent, and I, not daring to refuse, sat down while the "drink" was being prepared. During the concoction of the "reviver," Abel kept wandering aimlessly about, swaying recklessly against the tables, and when the glass was at length presented for my acceptance, he lurched heavily against the stranger. Crash went the tumbler upon the floor, while, amid a volley of curses, I dragged the offender from the house, and managed to regain the engine unmolested.

Anticipating we should be followed, I kept Abel's revolver in readiness, but after a time I noticed two figures proceeding in the direction of some log huts, which lay some distance down the line upon the left. As the strangers disappeared over the brow of the hill, I turned my attention to Abel.

To my astonishment, he responded to my first adjurations by saying, as he gained a sitting posture—"Darn them cusses, have they gone right away?"

For a moment I stared in speechless surprise. "Why, I thought you were drunk." I cried at length.

"Drunk!" he echoed; "those fellows would have had you on your back in a coon's jump but for me. I know them, the 'Injun thieves,' they're after our specie, my boy, as sure as shootin', but I'll tail 'em the varmints. Which is the specie wagon?"

"Number eight," I replied, wonderingly.

"Off with it, and tackle it on to the passengers' train," cried Abel, excitedly; "we'll fix their flints yet, by gosh!"

So we set to work with a will, but while we were uncoupling the wagon the other train arrived. Abel communicated his suspicions to the conductor, and in a few moments the specie was safely included among the passenger cars. By this time the evening was closing in, and we had placed the train on the siding at the top of the incline, to clear the track for the passengers, I began to hope that our fears of an attack were groundless.

We ran down again with steam on, to get in the rear of the passenger train, and the other engine followed at a little distance. As our engine neared the points, just beyond the log-huts I have mentioned, several figures rose from their concealment. Without warning of any kind they deliberately fired at the engines as they passed. Surprise, more than fear, kept us for a moment inactive. But Abel quickly recovered himself. Shouting to me to lie down, he discharged two barrels at the nearest of our assailants. With a groan, he fell dead in his tracks. In a few seconds we had run out of range, but those upon the other engine were less fortunate.

Unarmed as they were, the driver and fireman could make no resistance, and we, as well as the passengers, who were now turning out their assistance, were obliged to remain passive spectators. The poor fellows were tumbled off the engine by their assailants, whose intention to seize the specie was now evident. But in this way they were foiled. Some of the passengers, having got within range, had by this time commenced a pretty hot fire against the "filibusters," who now found themselves in a fix, as Abel, reversing his engine, returned to the attack. Their position thus becoming untenable they started their engine, and ran quickly out of the range of the passengers' fire. But Nemesis was behind them. Abel, seeing their manœuvre, turned on full pressure, and swore he'd shoot them ere he slept. Now commenced the most extraordinary chase I ever heard of.

The engine in front had a start of about half a mile, but we had greater power, and understood the management of the machine. Both locomotives were well supplied with wood and water. One of our opponents attempted to jump off, as speed was for a moment slackened, but he was hurled upon the line a bleeding mass. His terrible fate deterred his companions, who increased their distance and disappeared over the brow of the hill. We followed, going at a terrible rate, bumping and oscillating to such a degree upon the uneven track that I fancied we should run off the line. We kept our course, however, gaining slightly for a time, Abel taking every opportunity of sending a bullet through the weather-board of the retreating engine.

As the excitement cooled a little, I for the first time discovered that I had been "hit." A trickling of blood from a wound in my arm, and a numb sensation, were anything but agreeable. A rough bandage stopped the bleeding, and we were then at liberty to observe the chase once more. Darkness came on, yet there was no token of any abatement of the speed, nor any apparent change in our relative positions. Occasionally a defiant whistle was borne back to us, but still on we swept through the night. Suddenly the red glow upon the track in front seemed to stop. We neared it rapidly.

"Dive!" roared Abel, just in time. As he spoke two shots came whizzing through the glass in front, and fell harmless from the iron plate behind us.

"A 'shave' that!" laughed my companion, "but I'll be quits." As he spoke he got out upon the frame, and told me to lie *cached*.

"What on earth are you about?" His reply made me shudder.

"I'm going to kill them on that engin'; good-bye, friend." He was gone—creeping over the wheel-casings to the buffer beam.

Now determined to win, I employed every means to do so. We were surely gaining. Another log upon the already roaring furnace. The valves discharged a cloud of hissing steam, but on I went hurrying to destruction.

In a few moments more the engines were almost touching; another shot, but no harm done. We bumped!—a grinding noise was heard, then another bump. "Hurrah," I cried, or rather tried to cry, for my throat was so parched that I could scarcely utter a sound, and, regardless of risk, was about to join Abel, when a shrill noise arose beneath us, and the other engine shot into the darkness ahead of us. With an oath I shut off the steam, (further progress I knew was impossible with the heated machinery,) and shouted to Abel. As soon as I could pull up I jumped off and ran to the front. Abel had disappeared! Gracious heaven! had he fallen when the engines touched? I began to fear the worst, and to call wildly in the vain hope that he might hear, but the whisper of the wind was the only reply. It was impossible that he could have gained the footplate of the other locomotive and escaped instant death; had he fallen the engine would have killed him. Thus I argued, and after a time mechanically filled a pipe, and took the lamp behind to oil the cranks. Looking at my watch, I found we had been running thirty minutes, and at such a pace I knew the up mail was not far distant, and that Landerville was only a few miles off. So I ran gently ahead again, and had not proceeded far when a sudden "lift" of the engine nearly threw me down. I stopped and descended. At the side of the track lay a body horribly disfigured. The cowcatcher had struck him, and dragged him along. An indefinable sensation of fear took possession of me. Was this Abel after all?

It was too awful; I managed, however, to turn the corpse upon its back. The features were indistinguishable, but all doubt was speedily set at rest; for by my lantern's light I recognized Abel's cap tightly clasped in the dead man's hand.

I staggered against the engine, and now the excitement was all over, sobbed like a child. The passengers in the train we had left, the up mail, all were forgotten, until I had reverently placed the body upon the engine. The silence was terrible. I persevered till I had covered the remains of my poor mate as well as possible; and as I sat down upon the engine-rail, I fancied I heard the distant rattle of an approaching train. I rose and listened intently. After a pause, a whistle long, though very faint, broke the stillness. I stood ready to run if occasion demanded it, when again the whistle rose, this time loud and clear, and after dying away into a long, wailing sound, suddenly ended in three sharp, quick notes. My heart leaped to my throat—this was Abel Storer's signal.

With trembling fingers I replied. In a few moments a dark object loomed up in front, and Abel's "hallo" was ringing in my ears. In two seconds more I was beside him.

"Don't ring a man's arm off," he cried, "I'm rather done."

"Good heavens! how did you escape?" I said.

"I'd a toughish bout of it," Abel replied, "but by gosh, I've won."

"I fancied you were shot," said I; look here," taking him to his own engine I showed him the body which still lay there in all its ghastly reality.

"Shot," he laughed in no way affected by the sight, "no sir; that's the coon I pipped in the skull; he grabbed my cap too, I may as well have it agin', I guess." So saying, he released the dusty head-covering from his late antagonist's grasp, and calmly brushing it, continued—"Yes, you see, when the engines closed I leaped on the step, and potted this fellow at once—didn't you hear the shot?"

I said I had heard a noise, but fancied it was a steam-pipe that had given away.

"No," he said, "that was my first fire. These Injuns had but one 'derrick' between them, and this fellow was about to use it in my favor, but I luckily stopped that. The other tried a kn

THE CENTRE REPORTER,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., June 14., '72.

TERMS.—The REPORTER is published weekly at $2 per year, in advance, or $2.50 when not paid in advance. For six months half these rates.

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Any person sending us the names of six new subscriber, with cthcash, will receive the REPORTER one year free.

Geo. Pierpont, delegate to the Grant convention from West Virginia, has deserted that crew, and gone over to Greeley. On the Morning of the 5th the West Virginia delegation met at the St. Lawrence hotel, Philadelphia, at 9 o'clock. When it was called to order ex-Governor F. H. Pierpont rose and said that he owed it to himself and to the country to make a frank statement. He had been one of the first to aid in organizing and sustaining the republican party; he had devoted his best energies to it in sunshine and storm, and had braved everything to give success to its principles, and would do so still. He had hoped, when selected without solicitation to come as a delegate to this convention, that there might be still an opportunity to save the party by the nomination of an acceptable presidential candidate—one who would obey the laws and respect the popular will. But it is now evident that it was hoping against hope; that this is not a meeting for deliberation as to the interests of the republican party or of the country, but a meeting to obey the exacting demands of arrogant power. Neither the admonitions of Cincinnati nor of Sumner are heeded, and it is resolved to destroy the organization to gratify a mere personal government. I therefore withdraw from the delegation, and give you this timely notice to fill my place. I shall then be free to give my earnest support to Horace Greeley.

Governor Pierpont's speech was like a bombshell in the delegation. Not a word was said in answer, and he withdrew from the meeting.

Grant Renominated.

Grant's office-holders held their convention at Philadelphia, and nominated the present-taker for re-election with Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, for Vice-President. Scarce an independent republican took part in the convention—they all were under Grant's collar— it was a huge bread-and-butter brigade, and, of cousre, it was all for Grant, as the independent and honest leaders have drawn off from that crowd.

The democratic candidate, is an honest and talented statesman, the friend of the working class and the enemy of the rings—such is Chas. R. Buckalew, as the radical papers admit.

The radical nominee is Hartranft, the hangman of an innocent woman, who had a hand in the Evans embezzlement, and was nominated by the Cameron ring of plunderers, hence the honest portion of the radical press refuse to support him.

We print Sumner's speech in another column. Read it—he tells the naked truth about Grant, and his arraignment ought to condemn Grant in the eyes of every republican who has a speck of principle and honesty left. Grant never received such a rasping as Sumner gives him. Read it, hand it to your neighbor.

The Wayne Citizen, a republican paper, refuses to support Hartranft and the balance of the radical state ticket, because the nominees are corrupt men, and are the choice of the corrupt Cameron ring, which shows honesty of purpose in that paper, but then the Citizen goes for Grant, it was Grant and the Cameron ring that nominated Hartranft. Now how does our cotemporary reconcile these positions. ?

The leprous editor of the Watchman, last week, impudently repeats his slander about the Oceola company in which we nailed him two weeks before, as a base falsifier, with Mr. Lingle's letter, we now *clinch* him with the declartion of D. G. Bush, another member of the Osceola company, which we are authorized to make: *Mr. Bush pronounces all the insinuations of the Watchman against us in the Osceola matter as false.* It is very clear that the members of that company would not side with us if Meek's slanders were true—*they* certainly ought to know best. Our readers now see how base a liar Meek is. Next he may reiterate his silver mining story, in which we also nailed and clinched him as a base falsifier.

The following charges against him we have sustained, and challenge him again to a successful denial—as he has renewed his slander against us, we feel justified in refreshing his memory upon his basely selling out the democrats of Philadelphia on the Building commission swindle, as proven by the Age. His putting his votes in a direction to give the ring $90,000 of the peoples taxes out of the treasury, for law-books, Philadelphia doctors &c., as proved by the *Record*. Swindling democrats out of substitute money during the war, as per the declaration of Mr. Snyder, of Ferguson twp. Lobbying to double the rates on unseated lands *all* for his own pocket, also proven against him. His pinching $1000 out of the Big Sandy concern, also proven and so notorious. Attempting to barter for the democratic townships of Pennsvalley as though he took them to be sheep in the market, which we are ready at any time to prove by sworn affidavit. His forgeries, &c., &c., &c., &c.

When this leper assails our character he finds it harder work than driving a railroad spike with a tack-hammer. He is left completely worsted—poor fellow, he attempted to throw mud and it stuck to his fingers in every instance.

We fear nothing Meek can raise against us—he can't make his stories stick—our record is so clean.

Grant's back down in the treaty with England and his nomination at Philadelphia, are recent events which don't take well with honest Americans.

Forney's Press is still opposed to Hartranft, and declares the hangman cannot carry the state, and that if it is lost in October it will be lost in November.

A Famous Bail Bond.

It was a manly, though at the moment, not a popular act, to bail the ex-President of the Southern Confederacy out of prison where he was kept without trial, contrary to the principles of civilized justice. For any passing abuse, the bondsmen are now compensated. Some people talk of making Horace Greeley President of the United States, and Gerrit Smith received quite an ovation from the Radical Convention in this city. It may be interesting to see who joined them in their now famous bail-bond. These are the names of all the surities:

Horace Greeley, New York.
Gerrit Smith, New York.
Augustus Schell, New York.
Aristides Welch, Phila.
Cornelius Vanderbilt, New York.
W. H. McFarland, Rich.
R. Barton Haxall, Rich.
Isaac Davenport, Rich.
Abraham Warwick, Rich.
Gustavus A. Meyers, Rich.
William M. Crump, Rich.
James Lyons, Rich.
John A. Meredith, Rich.
William H. Lyons, Rich.
John Minor Botts, Virginia.
Thomas W. Doswell, Virginia.
James Thomas, Jr., Rich.
Horace F. Clark, Rich.
Benjamin F. Wood, New York.

The Philadelphia Nominations.

Nobody imagined that the Philadelphia Convention would nominate anybody but Grant for President. The officeholders and the Military Ring settled this long ago, and the Convention, as previously arranged, obsequiously registered the decree. It did this unanimously, for, as one of Grant's supporters said when informed that there was a delegate present who was opposed to Grant, "What business has he there?" He had no business there, of course; for it was not a meeting for consultation, but a conclave to record a decree.

The Convention threw Colfax overboard and nominated Henry Wilson for Vice-President. This was done in part no doubt to spite Mr. Sumner; but it will lose Indiana to Grant and the officeholders in October, and this will go a long way toward defeating Grant himself in November.

The course of the Convention on the Vice-Presidency affords a powerful argument against giving Grant a second term. If the Convention was justified in denying Colfax a chance for a second term, why should it be accorded to Grant? However, as Gratz Brown will demolish Wilson in November, Colfax need not feel so very unhappy over his own discomfiture in June.

By the renomination of Grant the party endorses all the corruptions, iniquities, oppressions, and failures of his Administration. The party could have got rid of this crushing burden by presenting a new man. By taking Grant the officeholders have shouldered a load that will break them down.

Grant is nominated on the idea that the war still rages. A large majority of the people think otherwise. Catching his inspiration from them, Dr. Greeley responds to the Grant slogan, "Let us have peace!"

The Wayne Citizen, a republican paper, speaks of the domocratic nominee for governor, Chas. R. Buckalew, as follows:

The democracy of Pennsylvania have selected the best men of the party as standard bearers in the present campaign, and they derive a very reasonable hope of sucess from the disgust and apathy created among Republicans by the Harrisburg ticket. For the first time since the organization of the Republican party, its candicates are, in personal character, below those presented by its opponents. If the State must fall into Democratic hands, we may hope at least to see its affairs administered honestly.

The Pittsburg Dispatch, the Grant organ of western Pennsylvania, speaks as follows of Chas. R. Buckalew:

Thanks, gentlemen of Reading, for placing such an eminently respectable gentleman at the head of your ticket as William R. Buckalew. At a time when the great curse of political contests is personal villification and abuse, we hail with genuine satisfaction the nomination for a high office of a man against whom naught can be said personally. And, recognizing it as an immense stride forward by the Democratic party, we congratulate those instrumental in bringing it about. We hope—although we must confess to serious misgivings, that this action will be taken as a signal by our friends on the other side, especially the Democratic press, that in the coming campaign scurrilous personality shall be unknown; that the race for the Gubernatorial chair shall be an honorable and manly contest between gentlemen.

Senator Buckalew has for many years occupied a prominent position in the councils of the State and nation, and although never to our knowledge guilty of any official misconduct, or dishonorable action, he has been uniformly one of the strictest party men that ever lived.

* * * * * The enemy has unfurled his flag, and on it is the name of an honest man, but a Bourbon. An educated, courtly gentleman, but none the less an enemy of the great principles which the God of nations has decreed must and shall rule America, the hope of the World!

The Central Hartranft Club, of this city, says the Age, are about hanging out their banner on Bread street. They will need some appropriate mottoes. We suggest the following:

"I paid to John F. Hartranft various amounts of money from stock speculations with money deposited with this deponent by the State Treasurer at the instance of said Hartranft.

"CHARLES T. YERKES,"
Broker.

"I paid John F. Hartranft the sum of two thousand seven hundred dollars, which sum was derived from profits on purchases of loans of the Commonwealth, and sale of the same to the sinking fund, which sale was made on the twenty-ninty of April, 1870.

"CHARLES T. YERKES,
Broker."

"I borrowed seven thousand dollars of G. O. Evans, and did not pay it back until the matter of the defalcation was notorious.

"JOHN F. HARTRANFT"

These are at the service of the Hartranft Club. No charge for composition, as they embody facts necessary for public information in relation to the Cameron "Ring" candidate for Governor.

New Orleans, June 7.—The Democratic Convention last night nominated delegates to the Baltimore Conventon, all of whom it is understood, will be against any Democratic nomination at Baltimore.

Philadelphia, June 7.—The Liden railroad bridge, seven hundred feet long, on on the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, five miles west of Williamsport, Pa., was burned last night.

Col. M'Clure and the liberal republicans are supporting Buckalew against Hartranft.

SENATOR SUMNER'S SPEECH.

Mr. Summer opened his speech with the announcement that he was a member of the Republican party and one of the straightest of the sect. He had never failed to sustain its candidates and advance its purposes. Not without regret could he suffer, nor without a pang could he see it changed from its original character. For such a change is death. Therefore he hoped, with no common feeling, that the peril which menaces may pass away. He stood by its cradle and was willing to follow its bearse.

Mr. Sumner then proceeded to the details of the progress of the party and his connection with it. As a party it was necessary and permanent and always on the ascending plane, but, alas! how changed. Once principles was inscribed on its victorious banners and not a name only. It is not difficult to indicate when the disasterous change, exalting the will of one man above all else, became manifest. Already it had begun to show itself in personal pretenions! When the President was elected by the Republican party, he precipitated upon the country an ill-considered an ill-omened scheme for the annexation of San Demingo, in pursuance of a treaty negotiated by one of his own household. It was pressed for months by every means and appliance of power, and reluctant Senators were seduced to its support. While treading under foot the Constitution in one of the most distinctive Republican principles, the President seized the war powers of the nation, instituted foreign intervention, and capped the climax of usurpation by a menance of violence to the black republic of Hayti, thus adding the manifest outrage of international law to the manifest outrage of the Constitution.

Mr. Sumner would gladly leave this matter to the judgment, already recorded, were it not to put in issue again by extraordinary efforts radiating in every line of office to place its author for a second term in the Presidency.

Since silence gives consent, all these efforts are his efforts. They become more notoworthy when it is considered that the name of the candidate thus pressed has become a sign of discord and not concord, dividing instead of uniting the Republican party, so that these extraordinary efforts tend directly to the disruption of the party, all of which he witnesses and again by his silence ratifies. "Let the party speak," says the President, "I will not renounce my chance of a second term." The extent of this personal pressure and subordination of party to the will of the individual compels us to consider his pretensions. These, too, are in issue.

"On what meat does this our Ceaser feed, that he should assume so much." No honor for victory in the world can justify disobedience to law, nor can it afford the least apology for any personal immunity, privilege or license in the Presidential office. A President must turn, into a King before it can be said of him that he can do no wrong. He is reponsible always as President. As foremost servant of the law he is bound to obey its slightest mandate. As the elect of the people, he owes not only the example of willing obedience, but also of fidelity and industry in the discharge of his conspicuous office, with an abrogation of all self seeking, nothing for self, but all for country. And now as we regard the career of this candidate, we find to our amazement how little it accords with this simple requirement. Bring it to the touch stone and it falls. Not only are Constitution and law disregarded, but the Presidential office itself is treated as little more than a plaything, and perquisite; when not the former, then not the latter. Here the details are ample showing how from the beginning this exalted trust had dropped to be a personal indulgence, when palace cars, fast horses and seaside loiterings figure more than duties, how personal alms and objects have been more promiuent than public interests; how the Presidential office has been used to advance his own family on a scale of nepotism dwarfing everything of the kind in our history and hardly equalled in the government where the abuse has most prevailed; how in the same spirit office has been conferred upon those whom he had received gifts of benefits, thus making the country repay his personal obligations; how personal devotion to himself, rather than to public or party service has been made rather than to public standard of favor; how the vast appointing power, conferred by the Constitution for the general welfare has been employed at his will to promote his schemes, to reward his friends, to punish his opponents, and to advance his election to a second term; how all these assumptions have matured in personal *government*, semi-military in character, and breathing the military spirit, being a species of Caesarism or personalism, abhorant to republican institutions, when subservience to the President is the supreme law; how in maintaining this subservience he has operated by a system of combinations having their orbits about him, so that like the planet Saturn, he is surrounded by rings,—nor does the similitude end here, for his rings, like the planet's are held in position by satellites—how this utterly unrepublican Caesarism has mastered the Republican party and dictated the Presidential will, stalking into the Senate chamber itself, while a vindictive spirit visits good Republicans, who cannot submit; how the President himself unconscious that the President has no right to quarrel with any person, insists upon quarreling until he has become the great Presidential quarreler, with more quarrels than all other Presidents together, and all begun and continued by himself; his personal followers back him in quarrels, insult those he insults, and then not departing from his spirit cry out with Shakspeare:

"We will have rings and things and fine array."

And, finally, how the chosen head of the Republic is known chiefly for Presidential pretensions, utterly indefensible in character, derogatory to the country and full evil influence, making personal objects a primary pursuit, so that instead of a beneficent presence he is a bad example through whom Republican institutions suffer and the people learn wrong.

Would that these things could the forgotten! But since, through officious friends, the President insists upon a second term, they must be considered. Nobody will indicate them. It is easy to see that Caesarism, in Europe, is at a discount that personal government has been beaten in that ancient field, and that Cesar with a Senate at his Heels is not a fit model for our Republic. King George III. of England, so peculiar for obstinacy and narrowness had retainers in Parliament who went under the name of "the King's friend." Nothing can be allowed here to justify the inquiry: "HAVE WE A KING GEORGE AMONG US?"

On that other question, Have we a party in the Senate of the King's?—The end of personal government is autocratic, and in direct conflict with Bepublican government. A government of laws and not of men is the object of Republican government. Nay more, it is destructive essense, without which it becomes tyranny. Therefore, personal government in all its forms, and especially when it seeks to sway the action of another branch or overturn its constitutional prerogative is hostile to the first principles of Republican institutions and an unquestionable outrage. That our President has offended in this way is unhappily too apparent. The President is a civilian. To comprehend personal government that has been installed over us, we must know its author. His picture is a necessary frontispiece, not as soldier, let it be born in mind, but as a civilian. To appreciate his peculiar character as a civilian, it is important to know his triumphs as a soldier; for one is a natural compliment of the other. The successful soldier is rarely changed to the successful civilian. There seems incompatibility between the two, modified by the extent to which the one has been allowed to exclude the other. One always a soldier can not later in life become a statesman; one always a civilian can not late in life become a soldier.

In modern Europe few soldiers have been more conspicuous than Gustavus Adolphus and Frederick, called The Great. But we learn that both failed ignominously in their domestic policy, and showed themselves as short-sighted in the arts of peace as they were sagacious in the arts of war. The judgement of Marlborough is painted, while portraing him as the "Greatest Conqueror of the Age," the hero of a hundred fights. The victor of Blenheim Ramenller. The same philosophical writer describes him as a man not only of most idle frivolous pursuits, but se miserable ignorant that his deficincies made him the ridicule of his contemporaries, while his politics were compounded of selfishness and treachery. Nor was Wellington an exception. Though shining in the field without a rival and remarkable for integrity of purpose, unflinching honesty and high moral feeling, the conqueror of Waterloo is described as nevertheless "utterly unequal to the complicated exigencies of political life."

Such are the examples of history each with its warning. It would be hard to find anything in the native endowments or in the training of our chieftain to make him an illustrious exception. At least nothing of this kind is recorded. Was nature more generous with him than with Marlborough, or Wellington, or Gustavus, called the Great? Or was his experience of life a better preparation than theirs? And yet they failed, except in war. It is not known that our chieftian had any experience as a civilian, until he became President, nor does any partisan attribute to him that double culture which in antiquity made the same man a soldier and a statesman. It has been often said that he took no note of public affairs, never voting but once in his life, and then for James Buchanan. After leaving West Point he became a captain in the army, but soon abandoned the service to appear at a latter day as successful General. There is no reason to believe that he employed the intermediate period in any way calculated to improve him as a statesman. He was earning a few hundred dollars a year by tanning hides in Galena. By war he passed to be President, and such was his preparation to govern the Republic, making it an example to mankind. Something also must be attributed to individual character.

Here I express no opinion of my own. I shall allow another to speak in solemn words echoed from the tomb. On reaching Washington, at the opening of Congress in December 1869, I was pained to hear that Stanton, late Secretary of War was in failing health. Full gratitude for his unsurpassed services and with a sentiment of friendship, quickened by common political sympathies, I lost no time in seeing him, and repeated my visits till his death, toward the close of the same month. My last visit was marked by a communication never to be forgotten. As I entered his bed room, where I found him reclining on the sofa propped by pillows, he reached out his hand, already clammy cold, and in reply to my enquiry, "How are you?" he answered, "Waiting for my furlough." Then at once with singular solemnity he said: "I have something to say to you."

When I was seated he proceeded without one word of introduction: "I know Gen. Grant better than any other person in the country can know him. It was my duty to know him when I saw him and when I did not see him, and now I tell you what I know. "HE CANNOT GOVERN THIS COUNTRY." The intensity of his manner and postiveness of his judgment surprised me; for though I was aware that the late Secretary of War did not place the President very high in general capacity, I was not prepared for a judgment so strongly couched.

At last after some delay occupied in meditating on his remarkable statement, observed "what you say is very broad."

"It is as true as it is broad," he rep'ied promptly.

I added "You are tardy. Why did you wait till this time? Why did you not say it before his nomination?"

He answered that he was not consulted about the nomination, and had no opportunity of expressing his opinion upon it. Besides being much occupied at the time with his duties as Secretary of War and his contest with the President.

I followed by saying "but you took part in the Presidential election and made a succession of speeches for him in Ohio and Pennsylvania."

"I spoke," said he, "but I never introduced the name of General Grant. I spoke for the Republican party and Republican causues."

Insisting upon there-election of the President, challenges inquiry, and puts himself upon the country. But even if his pressure for re-election, did not menace the tranquility of the country, it is important that the personal pretensions he has set up should be exposed, that no President hereafter venture upon such ways, and no Senator presume to defend them. The case is clear as noon.

In opening this catalogue, I select two typical instances of nepotism and gift-taking, officially compensated, each absolutely indispensible in the head of the Republic, the most pernicious in example and showing beyond question that surpassing egotism, which changed the Presidential office into a personal instrument.

Not unlike the trunk of an Elephant, equal for all things, small as well as great—from provision for a relative to pressing a treaty on a reluctant Senate, or forcing a relation on a reluctant people. Between these two typical instances I hesitate which to place foremost. But since the neptoism of the President is a ruling passion revealing the primary instances of his nature; since it is maintained by him in utter unconsciousness of its offensive character; since instead of blushing for it, as an unhappy mistake he continues to uphold it since it has been openly defended by Senators on this floor, and since no true patriot, anxious for Republican institutions can doubt that it ought to be driven with hisses and scorn from all probability of repetition, I begin with this undoubted abuse: The number of Grant's Relations in office.

There has been no call of Congress for a report of the relations holding office or stipend or money making opportunity under the President. It is evident that any resolution calling for it moved by a Senator known, to be for his reelection, would meet with opposition, and an effort to vindicate Republican institutions would be denounced as an assault on the President. But the newspapers have placed enough beyond question for a judgment on this extraordinary case. Although thus far there has been attempt to appreciate it in the light of history, our list makes the number of beneficiaries as many as forty-two. It will not be questioned that there is at least a baker's dozen in the category, thirteen relatives of the President billeted on the country, not one of whom, but for this relationship, would have been brought forward, the whole constituting a case of nepotism not unworthy of the worse governments whose office is a family possession. Beyond the list of thirteen are other relations showing that this strange abuse did not stop with the President's relatives, but these relations obtained appointments for others in the circle, so that every relation became the center of influence, while the President's family extends indefinitely.

Mr. Sumner here quoted from American authorities on Nepotism, and that but one President, Adams, had ever appointed relatives to office, and that the public sentiment condemned these appointments.

Mr. Sumner then answered the apologists of the President and continued, assuming that if in case positive merit designated a citizen for a particular post, the President might appoint a relation, it would be only one whose merit was so shiny that his absence would be noticed. At least it must be such as to make the citizens a candidate without regard to family. But no such merit is attributed to the beneficiaries of our President, some of wohm have done little but bring scandal upon the public service. At least one is tainted with fraud, and another with a commission of the Republic abroad has been guilty of indiscretion, inconsistent with his trust. Appointed originally in open defiance of Republican principles, they have been retained in office after their unfitness became painfully conspicious. By testimony before a Congressional committee, one of these, a brother-in-law, was implicated in bribery and corruption. It is said that at last, after considerable delay, the President has consented to his removal. Here I leave for the present this enormous pretension of nepotism swollen to elephantiasis, which, as nobody can defend, I pass to gift taking which, with our President has assumed an unprecedented form. Sometimes public men, even in our country, have taken gifts; but it is not known that any President has before repaid a patron with office. For a public man to take gifts is reprehensible. For a President to select Cabinet councillors and other officers among those from whom he has taken gifts is an anomaly in republican annals. An ancient patriarch feared the Greeks bearing gifts and these words have become a proverb;

"But these are Greeks bearing gifts elsewhere than at Troy."

A public man can traffic with such only at his peril. At its appearance the prayer should be said—

"Lead us not into temptation."

The President notoriously has taken gifts, while in the public service, some at least after he had been elected President, until the Galena tanner, of a few hundred dollars a year, (to borrow the word of my colleague, one of his supporters,) is now "rich in houses, lands and stock above his salary," being probably the richest president since George Washington. He has appointed to his cabinet, "Greeks bearing gifts," without seeming to see the indecorum, if not the indeceny of the transaction. At least two, if not three, of the Greeks having no known position in the Republican party or influence in the country, have been selected as councillors in national affairs and heads of great departments of the Government. Nor does the case of the first Secretary of State appointed as a compliment differ in character from the other two. The President feeling under personal obligations to Mr. Washburne for important support, gave him a complimentary nomination with the understanding that after confirmation he should forthwith resign. I cannot forget the indignant comment of the late Senator Fessenden, as we passed out of the Senator chamber immeditately after the confirmation, who said, whoever heard before of a man nominated Secretary of State merely as a compliment?" But this is merely another case of the public service subordinated to personal considerations. Not only in the Cabinet but in other offices, there is reason to believe that the President has been under the influence of patrons. Why was he so blind as to Thomas Murphy.

The Custom House of New York, with all its capacity as a political engine, was handed over to this agent whose want of recognition in the Republican party was outbalanced by Presidential favor, and whose gifts have become notorious. And when the demand for his removal was irresistible, the President accepted his resignation with an effusion of sentiment natural toward the patron, but without justification in the character of the retiring officer.

I have now completed the survey of the two typical instances of nepotism and gift-taking, officially compensated, in which we are compelled to see the President. In these things he shows himself that there is no Portrait drawn by a critic or an enemy. It is the original, who stands forth saying:

"Behold the generosity I practice towards my relations at the expense of the public service! Also the gifts I take! And then my way of rewarding patrons, always at the expense of the public service!"

In this open exhibition we see how the Presidency, instead of a trust has become a perquisite. A President that can do such things and not recognize at once the error he has committed shows that super-eminence of egotism under which the constitution, international law and municipal law, to say nothing of republican government in its primary principles, are all subordinated to the Presidential will; and this is personal government. Add an insensibility to the honest convictions of others and you have a characteristic incident of this pretension.

Lawyers cite what are called leading cases. A few of these show the Presidential will in constant operation with little regard to precedent or reason, so as to be a caprice. If it were not pretension that imitated the Popes in nepotism, the President has imitated them in ostentatious assumption of infallibility.

Other Presidents have entered upon office with certain modesty and distrust, but our soldier, absolutely untried in civil life, entirely a new man, entering upon the sublimest duties before which Washington and Jefferson had shrunk, said in his inaugural: "The responsibilities of the position I feel, but accept them without fear."

GRANT'S FIRST CABINET,

The next step after the inaugural address was the selection of a Cabinet, and in his selection the general disappointment was only equalled by the general wonder. All tradition, usage and propriety were discarded. The just expectations of the party that had elected him were set at naught, and the safe guards of constitutional government were subordinated to personal pretensions of one man. Marked among the spectacles which followed, and kindred in character with the appropriation of the cabinet as individual property, was appropriation of the offices of the country.

Mr. Sumner here repeated the charges of nepotism, appointing relations to office, &c., and criticised in severe terms the conduct of the President in sanding a message to Congress on March 9th, 1869, asking them to set aside the fundamental law in order that A. T. Stewart might enter upon the duties of Secretary of the Treasury, he (Stewart) being one of those from whom the President had received gifts.

THE MILITARY RING.

He next spoke of the military ring at the White House and said that the Executive Mansion had assumed the character of a military headquarters. To the dishonor of the civil service and the total disregard of precedent, the President had surrounded himself with officers of the army and substituted military forms for those of civil life, detailing for this service members of his late staff, although Congress has shown a purpose to limit the employment of military officers in civil service by three different statues.

Mr. Sumner condemned the President for taking away from their proper duties, officers of the army to make them Presidential secretaries in defiance of law, the subordination of the War Department to General in Chief, the attempt to devolve the duties of the Navy Department, upon a deputy, so that orders were to be signed, A. E. Borie, Secretary of the Navy, per D. D. Porter, Admiral; the effort to absorb the Indian Bureau into the War Department, military interference at the elections, the effort to secure the repeal of the Tenure of-Office act, which limited the President's power of appointment, and Presidential interference with political questions and party movements in a distant State, from Louisana to New York.

SAN DOMINGO.

Mr Sumner also again referred at length to the San Domingo question in terms of condemnation, and said that the whole contrivance, besides being a wrong to the Black Republic of Hayti was an insult to the colored race, not only abroad, but here at home. How a magistrate with four millions of fellow citizens could allow this thing passes comprehension.

The colored orator Frederick Douglass was selected by the President as one of the commissioners to visit San Domingo, and yet on his return and within sight of the Executive Mansion, he was repelled from the common table of a mail steamer on the Potomac, when the other Commissioners were already seated, and through him was the African race insulted and their equal rights denied.

But the President whose commission he had borne neither did nor said anything to right this wrong, and a few days later when entertaining the Commissioners at the Executive Mansion, he actually forgot the colored orator whose services he had sought. But this indignity is in unison with the rest. Often insulting the Black Republic it is easy to see how natural it was to treat with insensibility the representative of the African race.

Here I stay this painful presentation under its various heads, beginning with nepotism and gift-taking, officially compensated, and ending in the contrivance against San Domingo with an indignity to the African race, not because it is complete, but ecause it is benough.

With sorrow unspeakable, I have made this exposure of the pretentions which, for the sake of Republican institutions, every good citizen should wish expunged from history, but I had no alternative. The President himself insists upon putting them in issue. He will not allow them to be forgotten. As a candidate for re-election he invites judgment. And now a question of duty is presented to the Republican party. I like that work. It is at the mandate of duty that we must act.

Do Presidential pretensions merit the sanction of party? Can Republicans without departing from all obligations, whether of party or patriotism recognize our ambitious Caesar as a proper representative? Can we take the fearful responsibility of his prolonged empire?

I put these questions solemnly as a member of Republican party with all the earnestness of a life devoted to the triumph of this party. With me party was country and mankind, and with the adoption of all these Presidential pretensions the party loses its character, and drops from its sphere and the creed ceases to be Republican and becomes Grant. It is no longer a political party but a personal party. For myself, I say openly I am no man's man nor do I belong to any personal party.

Mr. Sumner spoke at length on the one term principle.

In alluding to our foreign relations Mr. Sumner said he felt bound to say that never before has the management been so wanting in ability and so absolutely without character. In every direction there is muddle—muddle with Spain, muddle with Cuba, muddle with the Black Republic, muddle with distant Corea, muddle with England—on all sides one diversified muddle: [Laughter.] To this condition are we reduced. When, before in our history, have we reached any such pass as that to which we have been carried in our questions with England? Are these laurels for a Presidential candidate?

Mr. Sumner concluded:

As I wait the determination of the National Convention, where are delegates from my own much honored Commonwealth, with whom I rejoice to act; not without anxiety do I wait, but with the earnest hope that the Convention will bring the Republican party into ancient harmony, saving it especially from the suicidal folly of an issue on the personal pretensions of one man.

We notice that some of our contemporaries are finding fault with the Hon. Henry Wilson because, they say, his original name was Jeremiah Colbath, and he had it changed by act of the Legislature to his present appellation. Very well, why shouldn't he? Jeremiah Colbath isn't a handsome name, and Henry Wilson is. But if he hated the name of Colbath in his youth, how will he feel about the cold bath he will receive when he is immersed in the icy waters of Salt River in November? Poor Wilson!

Henry Wilson, the nominee of the Grant office-holders' party, is the same Henry Wilson that originated the Know Nothing party in New England, and was its chief and headcentre.

Ex-President Johnson has been nominated for Congressman at large by the Labor Reformers of Tennessee.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of sundry writs of venditioni exponas levari facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county and to me directed will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House, in Bellefonte, on the 15th day of June, A. D., 1872, the following property to wit:

All that certain lot of ground situate in the borough of Bellefonte, Centre county, Pa., bounded on east by——street, on south by high street, west by lot of C. M'Cafferby, and on the north by lot of Mrs. Armer, and an alley containing ½ of an acre more or less thereon erected a large 2story dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings. Also all the right title and interest of defendant in and to all that certain tract or piece of land situate in Boggs twp., bounded on the north by land of David Lucas, et al on the east by land of John Neiman, on south by land of Milton Neiman, containing 81 acres or thereabouts—40 acres cleared, thereon erected a dwelling house, barn and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of A Sternberg.

ALSO:

All that certain messuage tenement and lot of ground, situate in the borough of Bellefonte, known as the old, Masonic Lodge property, and in the general plan of said Boro., as lot No. 57, bounded on the north by Pike alley, on the east by Penn street, on the south by High street, and on the west by lot on which the old Centre county prison is erected, being the same which John D. Wingate, and Catharine, his wife, by deed bearing date 22nd March, 1868, recorded in deed book, page 399, together with a large 2 story house, stable and other outbuildings thereon erected. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of A. Sternberg.

ALSO:

All that certain tenement or piece of land situate in Benner twp., or the boro., of Bellefonte, beginning at a post on the south-west corner of lot of Jonathan Mill er—thence along the line of said lot south 41 deg., east 200 feet, to a post, thence east 39 degrees along the line of Jonathan Miller's lot, 50 feet to a post, thence south 41 degrees 200 feet to a post shence by land of Reuben Valentine south 65 deg., west 100 feet to a post thence north 41 deg., west 500 feet to post thence north 39 deg., east along the north side of the road leading from Bellefonte to Roopsburg to the place of beginning, containing about one acre, thereon erected a two story plank frame dwelling house and outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of John W. Campbell.

All those several tracts of land situated in Ferguson twp., Centre county, Pa. One thereof bounded on the North, by land of Wm. M. Lyon et, al. on the east by land of Houts, on the south by land of John Britt and on the west by land of Isaac & Amos Harper et al. containing one hundred and ten acres more or less, thereon erected a house and barn, and having about 70 acres cleared. Another thereof, all that certain lot of ground situated in Pine Grove, Centre co., bounded on the north by a lot of G. And, east by lot of P. Lytle, south by public road, and west by lot of Parsonage, belonging to St. John Lutheran congregation of Pine Grove Mills, containing about ¼ of an acre, thereon erected a house and stable. Another thereof, situated in Ferguson twp., bounded on the north by lands of H. Singer, east by land of D. Ross, south by land of T. F. Patton, and west by lands of J. H. Mitchell, containing 40 acres all clear. The other thereof, situated in Ferguson twp., is bounded on the north by lands of D. Ross, east by lands of D. Ross, D. Eckels, and others, south by land of Moses Thompson, and others, and west by land of T. F Patton, containing 40 acres, about 30 acres clear, and having thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house, barn, and other out buildings. Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of John Archey.

ALSO;

All that certain lower lot numbered and designated as lot No. 7 in general plot of Sloydstown, as recorded at Bellefonte in Miscllaneous book, and being the same premises now occupied by B. S. Craine, in Rush twp., Centre county, bounded by lot No. and by Calhoun street, Cass street, and Grant street, thereon erected a two story dwelling house, and out buildings. Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of B. S. Craine.

ALSO;

A certain lot of ground situated in Rush twp., Centre county, bounded on the north by lot of T. Robison, east by Clearfield and Philipsburg Turnpike road, south by lot of C——, west by lot of David Logan, and extending along the turnpike 50 feet, and 160 feet deep containing 1 acre, thereon erected a two story dwelling house. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Henry Hoffman.

Sale to commence at one o'clock of said day.

D. W. WOODRING, Sheriff.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRIDAY June 14., 1872.

LOCAL ITEMS.

LOCAL NEWS.—Our friends, everywhere, will oblige us by sending us local news of interest.

CIRCULATION.—The circulation of the REPORTER, on this side the county, is larger than that of all other papers in the county. Business men will therefore find this one of the best advertising mediums. We invite all interested to come and inspect our list for themselves.

REMITTANCES.—All monies for subscription will be credited on the subscriber's address, each week: by referring to which our patrons can at all times see how their accounts stand, and a receipt is by this system carried upon each copy of the paper.

Persons in Pennsvalley wanting any kind of painting done, should read the advertisment of Adam Hild, who is a skillful painter.

LARGE EGG.—Master J. C. Rarich, of Earlystown, brought a hen egg to this office, measuring 6 by 8 1-8 inches in circumference. This is a sound, democratic Buckalew egg.

OUR FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—We last week published in our locals a notice of the Danville Ins. Comp., which led some of our readers to suppose that we were prejudiced against our own company. That was a mere business matter, and our columns are open to any and all companies and all business men to advertise themselves—that is what newspapers are for. But, instead of being prejudiced against our own company, we here state that we consider the Pennsvalley company the cheapest, most economical, safest and best fire insurance company in which the people of our valley can insure; we have always thus regarded it, and those of our people who insure in foreign companies, stand in their own light. Its officers are chosen by us and from among us. Its expenses are less than those of any company we know of, and not a dollar can thus far be shown to have been misapplied. Our company has always been, and is now, on the best footing, and since some of our people have been led into finding fault with it, we will append an exhibit as taken from the books of the company, by Secretary Shannon, and thus enable all to see for themselves. The company is deserving our warmest encouragement, and its officers our utmost confidence for their able management.

It will be seen by the statement below, that over four-fifths of the losses of our company, since its organization, have been upon farm property, and but a fraction upon town property; hence farmers have been mostly benefited by having our town property insured along with their own, as in towns it is rated much higher, and with but few losses so far. The towns have been assessed for over four dollars for fires in the country, to one dollar for losses in the towns, and it will therefore be seen that the boot is altogether upon the other foot:

LOSSES PAID BY FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO., OF CENTRE CO., PA., IN COUNTRY.

June 21, 1860. John H Musser, farm-house	$ 15 50
Aug. 27 1861, Margaret A. Woods, barn	600 00
June 16, 1862, Jacob Condo wash-house	133 33
Feb. 16, 1863, William Thompson barn	1850 00
Feb 16, 1863, Frederick Seltzer farm-house	1153 00
Nov. 11 1864, James P. Cobern barn	1000 00
Jan. 27, 1865, John Sweetwood barn	1500 00
Jan. 27, 1865, Thomas Wolf, barn	1000 00
Jan. 27, 1865 Geo. W. Campbell barn	750 00
May 1, 1865 Mary Borell, wash-house	40 00
Nov. 11, 1866, William Stump, barn	2000 00
Aug. 21, 1868, M. M. Musser, house furniture	200 00
Aug. 21, 1865, Geo. Gramly, house	680 00
Aug. 26, 1865, J. W. Shull, store goods and building	2000 00
Feb. 9, 1868, Samuel S. Condo, barn	270 00
Feb. 9, 1869, John Harter house	5 00
March 16, 1865, John W. Coaly barn	989 00
March 16, 1865, Eliza V. Mitchell, barn	980 00
Oct. 22, 1865, Rev. P. S. Fisher, barn	938 14
Oct. 28, 1865, William Keller house	25 00
Apr. 10, 1871. Levi Stager, wash-house	100 00
Oct. 18, 1871, Samuel Krice, house	280 00
Oct. 16, John Deutweiler, house	25 00
Apr. 27, 1872, Daniel Durst, barn	40 00
Apr. 27, 1872, Uriah Stover, wash-house	40 00
May 26, 1865, J. W. Stemm, Store house	500 00
Total,	$18061 57

LOSSES PAID IN TOWNS.

Jan. 8. 1866, Daniel Musser, house, Boalsburg	44 82
Sept. 27, 1869, Israel J. Grenoble, house, Aaronsburg	680 00
March 8, 1872, Dillen & McKinney store Pine Grove	2400 00
May 16, 1872, Fred Kurtz, library &c., Centre Hall	125 00
Total,	$4249 82

Cook & Kreamers loss on store not yet adjusted.

The total amount of assessments, since organization of the company, being 14 years, is 22 per cent. an premium notes, while the Lycoming company assessed 17½ per cent. in one year alone. Take any company you can find, with any five consecutive years, and you will find their assessments much higher than those of our company for the corresponding years. The percentage of tax paid by towns, in our own company, is 36¼, while their losses are only 19 per cent.

Now what can be more gratifying, particularly to our farmers? This is a better showing up than any company can make that insures farm property exclusively. In some companies you pay when you insure, for *supposed* losses, five years ahead—and it there be no losses, you have paid for them notwithstanding; in our company you pay a trifle when you take out a policy; and if there are no fires, you pay nothing farther. Look at it as you will, people of Pennsvalley, and you save money by insuring in your own home company.

From Illinois the reports of the winter wheat are very good, from Michigan poor, from Ohio fair, from Pennsylvania an average, from Indiana good, while from California we are informed that the acreage planted has been largely increased, and the appearance of the crop is excellent. From the South the reports are very favorable, and new wheat has already made its appearance in the markets of Atlanta and Chattanooga.

CIRCULATE THE DOCUMENTS.—The democratic cause cannot be aided better than by circulating democratic papers during the present campaign. We will make the REPORTER one of the best campaign papers in the central part of the state, at 75 in cents advance, until after the presidential election. Friends send us names—every subscriber can be the means of getting us a few names, and thus advance the democratic cause.

The locusts are getting noisy hereabouts.

We had several fine showers of rain inside the last 10 days.

The crops are poor, not half even can be looked for. The hay crop will also be less than we are accustomed to. There is some prospect of having a tolerable fruit crop.

Backstanding subscribers to the Reporter, do please pay up, we need some money.

Subscribe for the Reporter for the campaign.

Horse thieves are beginning to give false names when arrested, thus endeavoring to throw odium on respectable citizens. On the 25th of May a fellow was arrested at Belleville and lodged in our jail, charged with stealing a horse from Clemsen & Laport, of Rock Spring, Centre county. *He* gave his name as "William Goss," who is a respectable citizen of Rock-Spring, but was subsequently identified by Messrs. Clemson and W. E. McWilliams as a scoundrel named J. H. Daub, of Ennisville, Huntingdon county. Hanging is too good for such a rascal.—*Lewistown Dem.*

A SHEEP-KILLER CAUGHT.—One night a few weeks ago, says the Lewistown True Democrat, five sheep belonging to Mr. Knepp, of Decatur township, were killed and two badly bitten; and from the fact that one of them had been carried off bodily over four eight-rail fences, it was readily surmised that a bear had been the perpetrator of the outrage. Accordingly Mr. Knepp assisted by Daniel Peter erected a pen with a view to trapping the monster; and sure enough on Monday of last week there he was fast in the pen. He was a bear of uncommon size, being 4 feet high and 7 feet in length. When killed he furnished 215 lbs. dressed meat, and 28 lbs, lard. His hide weighed 28½ lbs. and one of his teeth was 3½ inches in length.

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has just decided that "the use by a citizen of public ways is that of transit only—loungers who occupy the public highway are obstructions of the public right of way, and nuisances."

WANTED.—A good jour tinner can find a good job in this place at good wages. For further particulars apply at this office. 2t.

GREGG TOWNSHIP AUDITORS REPORT.

Samuel Harter Supervisor of roads of Gregg twp., for the year ending 1872.

April 8th 1872	DR.
To amount of duplicate	$892 34
From former duplicate	13 00
Rec'd of J. G Sankey	27 28
Total	932 61
	CR.
By amount of work done on roads	470 24
Exonerations allowed	3 55
Percentage on $888,46	44 42
250 2 inch plank	75
His services	33 75
Balance due township	379 90

Jacob Whitleather Supervisor for the year 1872 in account with Gregg twp.,

April 8th To amount of duplicate	11 82
By amount of work done on roads during year	567 37
Exonerations	2 77
Percentage	58 98
His services	25 00
Paid to Phillip Kemp for work	14 50
By cash paid this day	340 50
Balance due township	173 37

James Grove per George Korman Overseer of Gregg twp., for the year 1871.

To amount of duplicate in hands	584 90
To cash of Fred Renninger	15 50
Total	600 40
Credit Renninger	
By amount paid for keeping paupers	58 25
" " " for B. F. Knarr	7 40
" " " for S. Brown	161 50
" " " to B. F. Van Valzah	63 79
" " " for Sarah Zeigler	7 00
" " " A. Shannon in suit with twp.,	16 79
" " " J. Hagen for serving supoena	1 00
" " " Wm. Heckman Overseer	90 00
" Exonerations on his duplicate	5 09
" Percentage for collection	29 09
" His services	12 00
Balance due township	141 49
Total	600 40

Wm. Heckman Overseer of the poor for the year 1872 DR.

To amount of duplicate for collection	443 30
" " Received of Geo Korman	99 00
" " Received of Peter Waver's estate	24 50
Total	566 80
	CR.
By amount paid for keeping paupers	479 68
Exonerations	8 10
Percentage for collection	22 01
His services	30 00
Balance due township	32 01
Total	566 80

Audited April 8th 1872.

W. C. M'COOL
JOHN GROVE
Auditors

The Aldine for June is the most American of all magazines. It contains three page original illustrations of American Forest Scenery, by Moran, Nehlig, and Hows. Moran has selected the primitive forest, and given us a glimpse of its wilderness and grandeur. His subject is "Kwasind, The Strong Man," in the "Song of Hiawatha," and he handles it magnificently, with all the strength and none of the extravagance of Doré. Nehlig has selected the Colonial forest, so to speak, and has given us a glimpse of its sunny openings, roofed with foliage, draped with vines, carpeted with flowers and moss, and peopled with happy birds. His subject is Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming," the spirit of which he has realized in his figures of Gertrude and Albert, who were rambling through the woods in fanciful Indian garb. Hows has selected the forests of the Adirondacks, and has given us a glimpse of the pines of the Rachutte. The rest of the illustrations are of various degrees of merit, the most noticeable being Davis's "Rainy Day," of Longsfellow's poem of that name, and a characteristic design, Stephens, for one of Æsop's fables. The publishers are James Sutton & Co., 23 Liberty Street, N. Y., and the price is $5.00, including oil chromo.

"Godey's Ladies Book," for June, is a handsome number, as usual. Godey is deservedly the standard ladies magazine of America.

The "Nursery," for June is received, and while all preceeding numbers were pretty, yet this goes ahead, as is attested by the delight with which it was handled by our juveniles. Only $1.50 per year, published at Boston.

The "Little Corporal," for June, is very attractive in Stories, Poetry and pictures. Among the leading articles are The New England Boy Farmer, Charles Dudley Warner, of the Hartford Courant; The Down Hill Principle, by J. B. T. Marsh, editor of the Advance; and Poems by Susan Coolidge, Geo. Cooper, Laura W. Ledyard. The illustrations are numerous and very fine. Hereafter every subscriber is to receive a beautiful new Chromo, entitled "Cherries are Ripe." Terms, $1.50 a year, and 10 cents for postage on Chromo. Address, John E. Miller, Publisher, Chicago, Illinois.

THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH, a new first-class magazine, is devoted to all that pertains to the Preservation of Health and Hygienic Treatment of Disease. It will teach the right use of nature's remedial and hygienic agents, etc., and will save many times its price to any family in which it may be read in doctor's bills.

S. R. Wells, publisher, New York—monthly, $2 a year.

Appeals will be held at the Commissioners' office in Bellefonte for the different townships, on the following days, viz:

On Monday June 10th, 1872, Miles, Haines, Penn, Gregg and Potter townships.

On Tuesday June 11th Harris, Ferguson, Halfmoon, Patton and Walker townships.

On Thursday June 13th, Boggs and Milesburg Boro, Union and Union townsh p, Unionville Boro, Huston and Worth townships.

On Friday June 14th, Tayler, Burnside, Snow Shoe, Rush townships, Philipsburg Boro.

On Monday June 17th, Bellefonte Boro, Benner and Spring townships.

JOSEPH M'CLOSKEY,
J. G. SANKEY,
S. F. FOSTER,
Attest: Com'rs.
WM. FURY Clerk. may24-5t.

A Bill to Establish A Military Despotism.

No effort will be spared to pass the bayonet election law, which still hangs fire in the house. Grant's nomination at Philadelphia will be the signal for a new attempt to whip in the Republican members who have thus far objected to giving him the power to re-elect himself. Among the modes of doing the business, the following is mentioned in the New York Express:

"It is reported in Washington that Senators Kellogg, Conkling, Chandler, Pomeroy, Edmunds, and other Grant men, have decided to intimidate the South in to the support of Grant by a resolution to repeal the rule heretofore prohibiting any amendments to any measure not germane, from being placed upon a bill at any time. It is the intention of administration Senators to place upon the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill what is known as the Ku Klux bill, so heavily defeated in the House. This move will succeed in the Senate, and, if the House refuses and allows the Appropriation bill to fail, the administration canal will insist upon a new session to be called by the President. It is supposed by Senators that the House will be so anxious to get away that, under the whip and spur of the administration and the Senate, it will accept the Ku Klux amendment and pass the bill. If the bill fails, the Senators think that the blame will attach to the lower House.

A trick like this needs but to be exposed to be denounced; but it shows the desperation of the Grant men. No more conservative rule was ever adopted, nor one more economical than this which forbids extraneous subjects being forced upon the Civil and Diplomatic bill. If there was ever any doubt before, is must be clear now that the Grant men simply mean to re enact the Ku-Klux law, in order to secure the re-election of their chief. And herein is another proof of what is meant by Civil Service Reform."

We have no doubt that this or some other device will be resorted to by the adherents of the administration. The true aim of the original Ku-Klux legislation was to get the control of the elections. The proviso that the act should expire with the session was a mere blind, as is shown by the attempt to extend it, in a time of profound tranquility, when the only exciting event in prospect is Grant's own canvass.

Let every Democrat, and every other man in the House who is true to free civil government, stand firmly up for it now. We remember the time when the Democrats and Conservatives of the House, led by John J. Crittenden, passed one whole night in roll calls, rather than submit to injustice, and finally carried their point. The present one is a thousand fold more important to the country. If the partisans in Congress of Grant's election are able to say to him, "do as you please," it is equivalent to having no election. It is, substantially, the establishment of a military despotism by act of Congress.

Are They Mad?

Grant's camp followers in Congress act as if they had been struck with insanity, says the Sun. In the Senate on Friday night last the bayonet Election law, was enlarged so as to be applicable to every election district and parish in the country, was added by the majority to the Sundry Appropriation bill, it could not under the rules of the Senate be attached thereto. This objection was overruled by Senator Anthony of Rhode Island, who was in the chair, and on an appeal Anthony's ruling was sustained. Afterward, Pomeroy of Kansas being in the chair, Mr. Sumner moved to add an additional amendment to his Civil Rights bill. This not being a part of the conspiracy, Pomeroy coolly ruled that it could not be admitted because it was not germane, and on a new appeal the majority sustaned this ruling!

Thus the bayonet Election law was sent to the house of Representatives as part of an indispensable appropriation bi l. There on Saturday the Opposition members made a gallant resistance to all attempts to carry it forward toward its passage; and finally the subject was refered to a conf-rence committee, on the ground that the two Houses could not agree.

We trust that if this conference committee should recommend the passage of this appropriation bill with such a rider, the struggle in the House will be maintained to the latest moment by every parliamentary means. It is a thousand times better that an appropriation bill should fail than that the whole people should be bound hand and foot, giving Grant the power to re-elect himself by the help of bayonets in 1872, 1876, 1880, and so forth, as he lives.

It is possible that this atrocious, odious, revolutionary law may be enacted and put in force in spite of all opposition; but it should be fought in Congress uncompromisingly to the end. After that we will try the question before the people.

If these madmen think that they can make Grant President for a second term by such a method, they will learn better before November. This election must be decided by ballots and not by bayonets. The endeavor to establish in this country a system of voting under military control will arouse in the people a flame of indignation that will soon appall Grant and his subservient followers in Congress. Let them try it if their desperation dares to go so far. It will give Horace Greeley a hundred thousand majority in New York, and secure to him the electoral votes of at least thirty States.

Important Decision Concerning Soldiers' Bounty.

Washington, June 2.—Hon. E. B. French, the second auditor of treasury has decided, in the case of the applications of discharged soldiers belonging to the Pennsylvania reserves for the $100 bounty under the provisions of the act of April 22, 1872, that they are not entitled, as it appears from the records of the adjutant general's office that although the reserves enlisted and were enrolled in the state servjce at the commencement of the rebellion, yet the auditor, in the adjustment of claims for bounty under the act referred to, must be governed by the date of enrollment and into the United States service as obtained from the records of the war department. This decision is contrary to all the previous rulings of the department, and by this arbitary declaration the bulk of Pennsylvania volunteers are cut off from the benefits of the act referred to. An attempt will be made by Pennsylvania congressmen probably to overcome the difficulty by legislation, but the close of the session approaching so near will in all probability, preclude any remedy.

Even among the Shakers strifes and envyings agitate the human breast. Here is one ex-Elder F. D. Blateman who has just seceded from the Shakers after a communion of twenty years or so, and who has brought away with him a very contemptuous opinion of his recent colleagues. He weeps his woes upon the faithful bosom of the Hudson Register. The ex-elder's style is not Addisonian, and we are not entirely clear, even after he has stated them, what his grievances are. For one thing, the community paid him $160 for leaving it, and this sum he says is "three times as much as the average paid to seceders." The general meanness of the community may be proved by this comparison, but it seems to us that the rebuke of it does not lie in the mouth of the man for whose sake the community has opened its bowels and its purse strings to three times the usual extent. Also, "brethren and sisters shall not shake hands with each other under any circumstances," "or talk after going to bed." "Kissing," according to the Rev. Mr. Thwackum, "is the prologue to a play," and it may be that the abundant caution of the Shaker elders detects dangerous tendencies in handshaking. Their caution may seem to the unregenerate mind rather over strained; but clearly a man who is overwhelmed by a chronic or even an occasional yearning to shake hands with the female of his species ought not to join a Shaker community. Of course rigid rules are necessary to maintain so rigid a system as that of the Shakers, and if the yoke galls the neck of any member he has the right which Mr. Blakeman has exercised to retire from it. But we do not see that he has any business to make an ado about an oppression which it is always in his power to terminate. The more amply he proves that the organization is an irrational, tyrannical, and unnatural body, the more plainly he writes himself down an ass for having oined it and remaining so long in it.

Henry Wilson's real name is Jeremiah Colbath, and he had it changed by an act of the legislature to Henry Wilson.

Terrible Tornado in Ohio Quincy Nearly Destroyed—Loss of Life.

CINCINNATI, June 8.—A terrible tornado passed over Bellefontaine last night, tearing trees and unroofing houses in the towns of Degraf and Quincy, Ohio. The latter place was nearly destroyed, and fifty persons were injured. At Degraf ten or twelve buildings were destroyed, the Methodist church being utterly destroyed. Mrs. Roll and two children were killed.

Storm in the West.

Chicago, June 8.—Further reports concerning the great storm of Thursday night in Central Illinois, show that an immense amount of damage was done in Peoria, Knox, and other counties in that section of the State. The destruction of bridges on country roads has been universal. In the city of Peoria, fences and trees were blown down, and cellars filled with water. Every railroad out of that city suffered more or less, and no trains left yesterday. The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad had about four miles of its track and many bridges swept away. The Toledo, Peoria and Wabash road also suffered severely, losing one bridge of 150 feet in length. The Rock Island is almost entirely under water. The most singular circumstance of the storm is the running up stream of the Illinois river. The immense volume of water that passed, into the stream has created a backwater, and there is a strong current running northward. The river last night was still rising rapidly, and fears are entertained of serious damage.

An indorser of a note is exempt from liability if not served with notice of its dishonor within twenty-four hours of its non-payment.

A Florida jail not having had an inmate in four years, the commissioners have turned it into a corn crrb.

DEATHS

On 8th inst., at Aaronsburg, Mrs. Conde, widow of Joseph Condo, aged about 72 years.

MARRIAGES.

On the 2 June, William Krepps, of Centre Co., to Miss Mary E. McManamy, of Mifflin county.

ADAM HILD,
PAINTER, MILROY, PA.,
offers his services to the citizens of Mifflin and Centre counties, in
House, Sign and Ornmenatal Painting.
also, ALL KINDS of GRAINING.
Orders respectfully solicited, satisfaction guaranteed, or no pay. June 7th .y.

Valuable Farm
at Private Sale

The undersigned offers at private sale, a valuable Farm, situated in Gregg township, Centre county, near the railroad depot at Spring Mills, and belonging to the estate of Elisabeth Neese, dec'd.

This farm contains
228 ACRES FARMLAND
of which 50 acres are well timbered.
Thereon are erected two dwelling houses, with Barns and all necessary outbuildings. Fruit of all kinds and an abundance of water on the premises. The land is under a high state of cultivation, and among the best in the valley.
For further information apply to
JAS. P. GENTZELL
one of the Administrators, near Spring Mills. June14. tf.

LIGHTNING SAWS
at Manufacturers prices. For sale by
W. J. M'MANIGAL,
may 31.3m Milroy.

WANTED. We will give energetic men and women
BUSINESS THAT WILL PAY
from $4 to $8 per day, can be pursued at your own homes, and is strictly honorable Send for samples that will enable you to go to work at once.
Address J. LATHAM & CO.,
292 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
June 7. 5t

Just Arrived.
Just Arrived.
Call and See
Call and See
WOLF'S
Magnificent Stock
of New
Goods.
Come and get Bargains.
Assortment
full and complete.
Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, Hardware, Ready-made Clothing, and thousands of other articles

CENTRAL HOTEL. Corner of Third and Chestnut Street, Mifflinburg, Pa.
John Showers, Proprietor.
Its Central Location makes it particularly desirable to persons visiting Town on business or pleasure.
H. A. Taylor's Livery Attached.
jun23,1y

MERCANTILE APPRAISEMENT.—List of Dealers of Foreign and Domestic Merchandise, liquors, &c, in Centre county for the year 1872, subject to payment of license.

BELLEFONTE BORO.

	LICENSE	CLASS.
Leob May & Leob	$20 00	10
John Hoffer	15 00	11
Joseph & Bro	15 00	11
John B Awl	7 00	14
John Montgomery	7 00	14
Zeller & Jarret	10 00	13
Frank P Blair	07 00	14
Isaac Guggenheimer	12 50	12
Abraham Sussman	7 00	14
A Foncart	7 00	14
Zimmerman Bros & Co	12 50	12
John Brackbill	7 00	14
Edward Graham & Son	7 00	14
John Sweeney	7 00	14
Lyon & Co	15 00	11
H O Hoffer	7 00	14
Linn & Wilson	10 00	13
Harper & Bros	15 00	11
C D Keller	15 00	11
Wm McClellend	7 00	14
Burnside & Thomas	15 00	11
F P Green	10 00	13
J & J Harris	20 00	10
J H Sands	7 00	14
Ruhl & Gault	10 00	13
J W Cook	12 50	12
H Y Sittser	7 00	14
George O'Brien	7 00	14
H D Yeager	7 00	14
D M Wagner & Son	20 00	10
Fryberger & Grim	10 00	13
John S Lonberger	7 00	14
James Welch	10 00	13
John Powers	7 50	14
Wetzler & Twitmeyer	7 00	14
Schroyer & Son	7 00	14
Seehler & Co	15 00	11
N Beck	7 00	14
Miss Priest	7 00	14
Mrs N K Dare	7 00	14
J W Parsons	7 00	14
Miss Mary L McBride	7 00	14
J L Reizenstein	7 00	14
Wilson & Hicks	20 00	10
P McCafferty	7 00	14
J K & C T Alexander	7 00	14
Shortlidge & Co	7 00	14
W H Wilkison & Co Billiard	50 00	8
H H Kline do	40 00	9

BENNER TWP.

Lewis Hass	$15 00

BURNSIDE TWP.

George R Roak	$10 00

BOGGS TWP.

J R Curtin	$12 50
McCoy & Linn	12 50

CURTIN TWP.

Webber & Singer	$7 00

FERGUSON TWP.

Sherb Steward & Co	$20 00
Thomas Bolinger	10 00
A J Mattern & Co	10 00
J Dunlap & Co	10 00
John L Musser	7 00
A Sample & Son	12 50
J R Smith & Son	7 00

GREGG TWP.

Philip Shook	$10 00
R H Duncan	12 00
J B Fisher	12 50

HAINES TWP.

Phillips Gross	$10 00
R F Fillips	10 00
M M Musser	10 00
Shem Spigelmyer & Sons	12 50

HARRIS TWP.

J H Hahn Agent	$7 00
D F Taylor	7 00
A Etnehr	12 50
Cyrus Wason	7 00
J & L Houser	7 00
Cook & Kreamer	10 00
S H Stover	10 00
J J Price	7 00
George Jack & Son	7 00
Shergers & Jordan	7 00
Daniel Hess	10 00

HALF MOON TWP.

H S Thomson	$10 00
J V Gray	12 50
James Love	10 00

HOWARD TWP.

R C Leathers	$7 00

HUSTON TWP.

	LICENSE	CLASS
John I Thompson	$10 00	13
J T Williams	10 00	13
Levi Womer	7 00	14
Hoover, Davis & Co	7 00	14
T E Griest & Co	7 00	14

LIBERTY TWP.

John Brickly	$7 00
James S Kooks	7 00
James Quigqly	10 00

MILES TWP.

T N Wolf	7 00
S F Frank & Son	10 00
Miller, Oaker & Co	10 00

MARION TWP.

Yearick & Son	7 00
R K Wilson	7 00

PENN TWP.

Kersteter & Ertle	$7 00
Alexander & Bros	10 00
F C Campbell	7 00
J W Snook	10 00
Jacob Eisenhuth	7 00
John D Foot	7 00

POTTER TWP.

Harlacher & Cronmiller	$10 00
Wm Wolf	12 00
Strom & Swartz	7 00
Wm Armagost	7 00
Philips & Glassgoe	7 00
H K Smith	10 00
R D Brisbin	7 00
Graff & Thompson	10 00
G O Dinninger	7 00
J A Keepman	

RUSH TWP.

John Nuttle & Co	$15 00
E M Sturbrant	7 00
Peter Smith	7 00
Levi Gearhart	7 00
W J Jackson	20 00
John Miller & Son	10 00

SPRING TWP.

F S Heverly	$7 00
J D Miller	7 00

PATTON TWP.

Miss Kate Murray	$7 00
Mattern Bros	7 00

PHILIPSBURG BORO.

D G Hirlinger	$7 00
D C Jamison	7 00
Irvin & Munson	12 50
Margaret Condo	7 00
J S McCartney	7 00
W C McCutchon	10 00
Oscar Adams	7 00
Daniel Ayres	7 00
J J Wighamen	7 00
Miss K Peters	7 00
J A Lohr	7 00
M G Rook	7 00
W H McCausland	7 00
Rankin & Williams	7 00
Allport & Herring	7 00
T H Switzer	7 00
Watron & Miller	12 50
G H Deigler & Co	12 50
Miss C Dureese	7 00
James A Ganoe	7 00
Emanuel Bollinger	7 00
James Morrison	7 00
Kepler, Dubre & Co	25 00
T J Meyers	7 00
Frank A Hutten	7 00
J R McKinney	10 00
G S Fingal	10 00
Mrs. L Manley	7 00
Josephine Flagal	7 00
E T Gray	7 00
R T Barber	7 00
Eard S Dubree	7 00

MILESBURG BOROUGH.

John Hibbler	$7 00
Mrs G G Ryman	7 00
J B Hahn	10 00
S Brady	7 00
P H Haupt	7 00
A R Peters	10 00
A T Boggs	7 00
J S Praudfoot	10 00

HOWARD BORO.

S F Kline	$7 00
Joseph Royer	7 00
Jenkins & Webber	7 00
Balser Webber	12 50
Robert Cooke	10 00
Lucas & Bro	7 00

UNIONVILLE BORO.

Grist & Rumbarger	$10 00
Alexander & Geary	7 00
Nathan Herly	7 00

SNOW SHOE TWP.

May, Loeb & Co	$20 00
A E Sherer	7 00
Herbert Williams	7 00
J H Crissman	12 50
Nicholas Bowers	10 00
David Bets	7 00
Sarah H Crissman	7 00

TAYLOR TWP.

John Copenhaver	$7 00
J S Fink	7 00

WORTHTWP.

V Gray	$7 00
H W Hoover	7 00

WALKERTWP.

Houston & Rodgers	$10 00
Henry Brown	10 00
Solt & Yearick	10 00

An appeal will be held at the Commissioners' office in Bellefonte, on June 24th 1872. HENRY NULL, Appraiser.

CAUTION.—Having purchased the following articles at constable sale, on 25th of May, last, as the property of Jonathan Bechtol, of Gregg twp., the undersigned hereby lets the same in the possession of said Jonathan Bechtol, at his pleasure, and therefore cautions all persons against meddling with the same, namely, 1 cooking stove, 1 sink, 1 cupboard, 2 tables, 2 beds, chairs, 1 chest, 1 bookcase, 1 doughtray, 5 shoats.
June7. 3t. JAMES TOMAS.

Commissioner.

We are authorized to announce the name of George Meyer, of Ferguson twp., as a candidate for county commissioner, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

Prothonotary.

We are authorized to announce the name of John Moran, of Bellefonte, as candidate for Prothonotary, subject to decision of the democratic county convention.

We are authorized to announce that Anton Williams, of Bellefonte, will be a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

Sheriff.

We are authorized to announce the name of Geo. S Hoy, of Marion twp., as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of Jacob Bottorf, of Harris twp., as candidate for sheriff, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

We are authorized tounnounce the name of Henry Noll, of Spring tp., as candidate for sheriff, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of B. F. Brooks, of Harris twp., as a candidate for sheriff, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of Benjamin Shafer, of Walker twp., as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of Alex. Shannon, of Centre Hall as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of John Spangler, of Centre Hall, as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

BELLEPONTE MARKETS.
Corrected by C. D. Keller.
White 97 heat $1.00, Red 1.05.....Rye.....
75.....Corn 60 .....Oats 50.....Barley 60.
70.....Clo verseed 5,00 .....Potatoes 45,
Lard per pound 8.....Pork per pound 09
Butter 25.....Eggs 15. .....Plaster per ton
$14 Tallow 8.....Bacon 8 .....Ham 12

LEWISTOWN MARKETS
White wheat 2,00.....Red wheat 1,75.....Rye
75.....Corn 60.....Oats 55.....Barley 65.....
Cloverseed 4,00.....Timothyseed, 350.....
Salt 2 50 per sack,.....
Bacon 10c.....Ham 16.....Butter 20.... Eggs 12.....Plaster 9 50

USE
PAIN CURE OIL
"THERE IS NOTHING LIKE IT"
FOR
Pains, Sores, Wounds and Lameness.
BUY IT! TRY IT!
For Fever and Ague, . Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Rheumatism, . . . Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Neuralgia, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Fever Sore, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Cholera Morbus, . Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Sprains, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Headache, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Bruises, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Corns and Bunions, Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Any Sore, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Any Lameness, . . Use Pain Cure Oil.
EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED,
And we challenge the world to produce its equal.
Used Externally and Internally for
MAN AND BEAST.
Ask for PAIN CURE OIL. Take no other, for we WARRANT IT TO CURE.
It is not a strong ammonia preparation, but a soothing vegetable Oil, Herbs and Extracts, and is clean and safe to use.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.
PRICE, 50 CENTS.
McCLURE & EATON, PROPRIETORS, Reading, Pa.

New Clothing Store
A. STERNBERG,
engaged to manage for I L. Reizenstein, in the corner building, opposite Hoffer's store, Bellefonte, has established a new Clothing Store where the best bargains in the county are offered.

$7.50 to $15 for Suits of the finest Cassimere.
HATS, CAPS
and a full and complete assortment of every thing in the line of Clothing.

Gent's Furnishing Goods
all directly from their own manufactory. Also.

Jewelry, Watches, &c.
They have engaged their old clerk, Mr. A. Sternberg, so well known to the people, and who will be pleased to see his old friends. apStf.
Piece goods of every discription, sold low to enable everybody to have his clothing made to order.

A. SUSSMAN
LEATHER & SHOE FINDING.
in lower room, No. 1. Bush's block, where he keeps on hand a stock of
WHITE and RED LEATHER and HARNESS.
Kips and Calf Skins
French and City Finish.
STRING LEATHER, SHOE-FINDINGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Raw Hides
BOUGHT AND SOLD.
Trunks and Valises
OF ALL KINDS.
RAW FURS, of all kinds bought and highest price paid.
Clover and Timothy Seed
always bought and on hands. WHEAT and OATS specially bought and the highest Cash price paid.
Go to Sussman's, there you can buy cheaper than elsewhere, as everybody knows, who ever dealt with him. He lets no one off without a good bargain.
Next door to Sussman's is the cheap dry goods establishment of Isaac Guggenheimer. ap5.tf.

Stoves! Fire! Stov's!
At Andy Reesman's, Centre Hall, are latest and best stoves out, he has just received a large lot of
Cook Stoves, the Pioneer Cook, the Eclipse Cook, the Reliance Cook,
PARLORS—The Radiant Light, self-feeder, Gas Burner,

Farm, Garden and Household.

CREAM PIE.—To make cream pie, beat two eggs well, in a coffee cup of sugar and one of thick, sour cream. Stir till thoroughly mixed. Add a teaspoonful of extract of lemon or vanilla. This quantity given will make two pies. Bake with two crusts.

VEAL CROQUETTES.—Take very fine minced veal, moisten it with cream and a beaten egg. Season with pepper, salt, sweet majoram and a little pounded mace. Form into small cones, either by hand or in a wine-glass: crumb the outside, and fry, or else set in the oven and bake, basting frequently.

CREAM PUFFS.—One pint of water, one-half pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of flour, ten eggs. Boil the water and butter together, and stir in the flour while boiling. Take it off from the stove to cool, and when cold break in the eggs and stir them thoroughly, but not beat them. Then add a teaspoonful of water. Drop into a pan with a spoon, and bake in a quick oven twenty minutes.

HORSE DISTEMPER.—The best mode to treat horse distemper is to feed plenty of bran mashes, and poultice the throat with bran or turnips, and as soon as the swelling begins to soften, if it does not break, it should be opened with a knife. Also smoke the nostrils with old boot leather, in a kettle or tin, once a day, which helps to loosen the discharge from those parts. Do not get him wet or exposed to cold, and he will certainly come round all right.

THE INDIAN WAY WITH CORN.—M. B. Wade, Bridgefield, Conn.: I beg to offer the Club the plan of preserving sweet-corn in Winter which we have followed very successfully in our family for several years. We take the corn right from the hill and remove some of the husks, but not all, and put it in the stove-oven, and leave it there from 20 to 30 minutes. Then take it out, take off the rest of the husks, and with a two-tined fork strip the corn from the cob, put on dishes and return to the oven to dry. This is the Indian method, only instead of the oven they use hot stones and burn the corn until cooked, and then dry in the sun.

HARROWING CORN.—A correspondent of the Western Farmer gives the following description of how he harrows his corn: I commence just as soon as the corn comes up and continue as needed, to keep soil loose and weeds out of sight, until it is so tall the harrow will break it off if used. There is nothing so needful to secure a crop of corn, with our short seasons, as frequent stirring of the soil when it is in its first stages of growth, and no tool will do this so cheaply or so thoroughly in the hill as the rightly constructed harrow. I harrow back and forth till I have my land as I desire. If the corn is rowed both ways of the field, the second harrowing should cross the first, the third, the second, and so on. I have not had a failure in four years with Dent corn on my white, heavy cold soil.

WAX BEAN.—This snap bean, but recently introduced and not yet generally known, is one of the very best for garden culture. When planted and cared for in the same way, the wax is 10 or 12 days later than the Early Valentine; but in every other respect it is superior to either this or that other excellent variety, the Refugee. The vines grow longer than other kinds of the snap beans, produce more beans of larger size, more brittle, and of better quality. Those who are fond of young snap beans plant seed three or four times during the Spring—say two weeks apart—so as to get a succession for table use. Where it will take four plantings with other kinds, two plantings of the Wax will be found quite enough, because this variety will keep tender just twice as long as the sorts commonly grown for home consumption. The pods of the Wax grow long, thick, tender, and of a waxy yellow color.

CARE OF HORSES AT NIGHT.—Few men who handle horses give proper attention to the feet and leg. Especially is this the case on farms. Much time is spent of a morning in rubbing, brushing and smoothing the hair on the sides and hips, but at no time are the feet examined and properly cared for. Now, be it known, that the feet of a horse require more care than the body. They need ten times as much, for in one respect they are almost the entire horse. All the grooming that can be done won't avail anything if the horse is forced to stand where his feet will be filthy. In this case the feet will become disordered, and then the legs will get badly out of fix; and with bad feet and bad legs, there is not much else of the horse fit for anything. Stable prisons are generally severe on the feet and legs of horses; and unless these buildings can afford a dry room, where a horse can walk around, lie down, or roll over, they are not half so healthy to the horse as the pasture, and should be avoided by all good hostlers in the country.—*North British Review.*

A Mexican Pawn Shop.

William Cullen Bryant, in one of his letters from Mexico, says:

I was curious to see the Monte Pio, a national institution for lending money on pledges of personal property. It occupies what was once the palace of Cortez, looking upon the Cathedral Square, and built, it is said, on the very spot where stood the royal dwelling of Montezuma. Cortez must have brought over from Spain his artisans to hew and lay the stones of this massive structure, which has furnished a pattern for all the mansions of the wealthy residents of Mexico which have been built since.

I found the great building filled from the ground floor to the roof with articles pawned by persons in need. The lower part, under the galleries, was crowded with every kind, from the heavy family coach to the light gig, and with every movable that could be sold for money. In another part of the building, in a well-secured apartment, and kept in drawers safely locked, are jewels of every kind, diamonds, rubies, pearls, sapphires and the like, in the shape of wreaths for the brow, necklaces, bracelets, eardrops and every other kind of ornament worn by women. Elsewhere I saw garments of various kinds, from the most costly silks and shawls to the plainest chintzes and coarsest handkerchiefs. All these are appraised at their just value, from which the interest for six months is deducted and the remainder paid to the owner. At the end of six months the articles pawned are sold by auction, and if they bring more than the original valuation the owner receives the difference. It is worth remarking that the institution is managed with perfect integrity—at least in such a manner that there is no complaint of unfairness or wrong. I could not help thinking with shame on the extent to which some of our savings banks, established under pretence of aiding the poorer class, have swindled those who gave them their confidence, and was obliged to own to myself that Mexico in this respect, was more honest than New York.

POISONOUS COLORS.—Coal tar colors are frequently the cause of distressing symptoms in the human economy. Aniline itself is a poison, and all colors that contain it in an unchanged state are consequently more or less toxic in their action. The agents employed in the preparation of aniline colors are in many instances very deleterious. Among these are the compound of arsenic, zinc, tin, antimony, lead, together with hydrochloric and picric acids. The common or inferior colors prepared from residues are especially dangerous, and are, on account of their cheapness, employed in coloring paper-hangings, wooden toys, matches, India-rubber articles, and confectionary. In the dyeing of woolen and other tissues, the common aniline colors are also extensively used, and sewing-girls frequently suffer severely from the presence of arsenic and picric acid in their materials; their fingers become inflamed and dotted with small pimples upon a red ground; the same eruptions after a while appear upon the face, the lips are of a dark violet color, and there is trembling of the hands and feet, accelerated pulse, and difficult respiration.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

Items of Interest.

ALL the Pennsylvania Congressmen are candidates for re-election.

THE New York State Fair will be held at Elmira, from September 30 to October 4. The entries close on August 31.

THE Providence *Journal* counts up two hundred ballots sure, on the first ballot, for Colfax for the Vice-Presidency.

TEXAS papers report that ten Indians, who recently raided into Wise County, were all killed by the Sheriff and his assistants.

THE Governor of Massachusetts has now before him more applications for pardon than at any previous time within five years.

GENERAL BROWNE, who several months since killed a clerk in a dry-goods store, in Memphis, Tenn., has been indicted for manslaughter.

THE U. S. House Naval Committee have agreed to report a bill to allow the widow of Admiral Farragut a pension of $2,000 a year.

THE United States commercial agent at Mier, Mexico, was imprisoned for not paying a loan, and at last accounts had not been released.

UNDER the will of the late Miss Nabby Joy, the sum of $280,500 has been appropriated to Boston public charities, in sums ranging from $200 to $20,000.

FOUR thousand dollars conscience money was received by the United States Treasurer from a naturalized citizen, who has gone back to Europe to reside.

THE citizens of Battle Creek, Mich., have rewarded Miss Emma Pearl, of that city, with a fine gold watch for taking care of a small-pox-afflicted family at that city.

A TERRIFIC tornado passed over several counties on the Mississippi River in Iowa and Illinois. Many barns and houses were unroofed or blown down, but there was no loss of life.

THE Republicans of the Third Congressional District of Maine unanimously nominated Hon. J. G. Blaine for Representative to Congress. This is Mr. Blaine's sixth nomination.

S. H. Horn, age 26, of Orneville, Me., in his saw-mill, accidentally fell across a circular saw in motion, and was cut to pieces. Both legs and one arm were cut off, and his body sawn asunder.

THE sheriff at Houghton, Mich., has arrested seven more miners. While the arrests were being made, the sympathetic crowd mingled their hisses for the civil officer with cheers for the military.

THE Maine Democratic State Committee issued a call for a State Convention at Bangor, to be held Tuesday, June 18, to nominate candidates for Governor and delegates to the Baltimore Convention.

MADRID advices say that the Carlist organization in Biscay is completely annihilated, that 4,000 of the insurgents surrendered to the government troops, and that order is now completely restored throughout the province.

FRANK BARBIER, of Chicago, a young man of dissipated habits, while attempting to enter the barn of his brother through a small window, was caught in such a manner as to hang suspended by the neck until he was suffocated.

A MOST violent storm passed over Fortress Monroe unroofing houses and prostrating trees and fences. It lasted about thirty minutes, and was accompanied by rain, hail, and lightning. No casualties have yet been reported.

IN the Presbyterian General Assembly at Richmond, Va., the resolution introduced by Colonel Preston, of Virginia, inquiring into the expediency of preparing liturgical service for congregational worship, was rejected by a vote of 165 to 5.

JAMES QUIGLEY, son of a poor laboring man in Buffalo, a student at St. Joseph's College, was reported favorably on by the examiners for the cadetship at the disposal of that district. A similar selection was made last year from the same College.

THE *Gaulois* publishes a letter of the ex-Emperor Napoleon, addressed to the generals and commandants of the French army, in which communication he takes the responsibility of Sedan upon his sole shoulders, concluding with, "I obeyed a cruel, inexorable necessity. My heart was broken, but my conscience was tranquil."

THE celebrated tin box case in New Orleans has been withdrawn by Senator J. B. Lewis, who brought it. He sued for the contents of a tin box, alleged to be $20,000, which had been deposited in the Louisiana Savings Bank, to be delivered to him on the condition that he voted as the Governor wished during the last session of the Legislature. When the box was produced in court it was empty.

FULTON ferry is the big end of one of the funnels that discharge population out of New York. On the other side is the big end of a like funnel, which serves a like purpose for Brooklyn. Thirty-nine million passengers crossed at that point last year. Of course the computation is aggregate, not individual. Four hundred thousand persons, probably, included all whose repeated trips amounted to the imposing number of thirty-nine million.

AT 9 o'clock at night, as Mrs. Carrie Robinson Pierce, the divorced wife of William H. Robinson, railroad ticket agent in Cincinnati, stepped from a street-car in the south-east part of Newport, Ky., and started to her home, she was twice stabbed by a ruffian who grasped her. The whalebone in her dress averted one blow; the second stroke was serious, but not dangerous. The approach of help at the cries of the woman drove the assassin away. The lady says the assailant was not her former husband.

FOLLOWING in the wake of the news of the Tripoli's loss comes the intelligence that the Baltimore, a steamship of the North German Lloyd line, which arrived at Southampton, *en route* for Bremen, has met with a disaster, which will probably result in her total loss. The Baltimore had left Southampton, and when off Hastings collided with an unknown steamer. The force of the blow stove a hole eighteen feet long and seven wide in her hull. She was immediately run ashore, and the passengers and crew were rescued by the coast-guards at Hastings.

Food Medicine.

DR. HALL advances a theory that food can be used as a curative remedy equally well with medicine. He relates a case where a man was cured of biliousness by going without his supper, and free use of lemonade. This patient rose, he says, after he began the use of this drink, refreshed, and with a feeling as though his blood had literally been cleansed. He further says that he cures cases of spitting blood by using salt; epilepsy and yellow fever by watermelons; kidney affections by celery; poison, olive or sweet oil; erysipelas, pounded cranberries appplied to the part affected; hydrophobia, onions. If this theory is correct, drugs would soon become "drugs" in the market, and people would soon learn that the way to keep well was to eat certain kinds of food. The world would thus become healthier and happier.

JOHN CHINAMAN.—Ah Hood is a Chinaman who was in the Penitentiary of Idaho serving out a five years' sentence; but who, with Celestial ingenuity, has managed to break jail after abiding only thirty months. To show the extreme care with which justice is administered when a Heathen Chinee is in the dock, the *Idaho Statesman* may be quoted, which says that, according to report, Ah Hood is the wrong Chinaman, and not the one who committed the crime at all. "Never mind," says the *Statesman*, "if the constable cannot catch this one, he should catch some other Chinaman, so that one poor innocent fellow will not have to serve out the whole of the sentence."

A PERTINENT QUESTION.—During a recent trial at Rockport, Indiana, Judge Laird interrupted the testimony of a lady witness, remarking that it was not relevant. The lady raised her head, and with a look made up of injured innocence, inquired, "Well, sir, am I telling this story, or are you?" The Judge wilted, and allowed her to talk as long as she wanted to.

How to Live.

One of the subjects talked and written about a good deal at the present time, is—How to live Cheaply. Prices of all the great staples of life are high. Rents are enormous. Fashions are exacting. Wants multiply, while resources diminish. How to make strap and buckle meet, is the problem which presses on hundreds of housekeepers of the middle class. The difficulty in the problem is to reconcile irreconcilables. The middle-class family generally wants all the fine things, all the style and display of wealthy neighbors. The problem would simplify itself at once, would the middle-class family cease trying to appear what it is not, and be content to appear and be thought just what it is. It is what is done to keep up appearances that destroys the equilibrium between outgo and income, and makes life a drudgery and vexation. How to live cheaply is a question easy enough to answer if one will be content with a cheap living. Substitute comfort for show. Put convenience in the place of fashion. Study simplicity. Refuse to be beguiled into a style of living above what is required by your position in society and is justified by your resources. Set a fashion of simplicity, neatness, prudence, and inexpensiveness, which others will be glad to follow and thank you for introducing. Teach yourself to do without a thousand and one pretty and showy things which wealthy people purchase, and pride yourself on being as happy without them as your rich neighbors are with them. Put so much dignity, sincerity, kindness, virtue, and love into your simple and inexpensive home that its members will never miss the costly fripperies and showy adornments of fashion, and be happier in the cozy and comfortable appartments than most of their wealthy neighbors are in their splendid establishments. It does not follow that in order to live cheaply, one must live meanly. The great staples of life are not costly. Taste, refinement, good cheer, wit, and even elegance are inexpensive. There is no trouble about young people marrying with no outfit but health and love and honest purpose, provided they will practise the thrift and prudence to which their grand-parents owed all their success, and make their thought and love supply what they lack in the means of display. Those who begin life at the top of the ladder generally tumble off, while those who begin at the foot acquire steadiness, courage, and strength of arm and will as they rise.—*Golden Age.*

Children in the Coal Mines.

At the mouth of each shute below the screen, writes one who has visited a coal mine, sits a child, watching the slowly moving stream of coal and carefully picking out every splinter of slate. Hour after hour the dusty stream flows on; hour after hour this unkempt, grimy, ragged splinter of humanity works on like a machine. And there are hundreds, thousands like him, wasting their childhood in these dusky, cheerless barn-like structures, seeing no color but black, hearing nothing but the harsh crackling and sliding of coal and slate, knowing nothing but the need of constant watchfulness.

"Is there no possible way of doing without the labor of these children?" asks the Junior?

"None has been found yet," the Superintendant replies. "No machine can tell slate from coal. People won't buy coal with slate in it, and we could not afford to pay men for doing what these boys do quite as well, if not better. So the boys have to do it." They rather like it."

"Do they never have any schooling?"

"Not much, and what they do get is of no particular use to them. They're a hard lot, I assure you."

"As well they may be."

If those who marvel at the savagery which breaks out from time to time in these semi-subterranean mining communities, could only see the life these incipient miners are bred to, much of the mystery would disappear.

Political Events to Occur.

June 10—Mississippi Democratic State Convention in Meridan (probably).

June 11—Iowa Democratic State Convention at Des Moines.

June 11—South Carolina Democratic State Convention in Columbia.

June 12—Indiana Democratic State Convention in Indianopolis.

June 12—Michigan Prohibitory State Convention in Lansing.

June 17—Texas Democratic State Convention in Corsicana.

June 17—Maine Democratic State Convention at Bangor.

June 18—Arkansas Liberal Republican State Convention in Little Rock.

June 19—Arkansas Democratic State Convention in Little Rock.

June 26—New Jersey Democratic State Convention at Trenton.

June 26—Illinois Liberal Republican Mass State Convention at Springfield.

June 26—Illinois Democratic State Convention at Springfield.

June 27—Virginia Conservative State Convention at Richmond.

July 8—National Reunion and Reform Convention in Baltimore (not in sympathy with the Cincinnati nominations).

July 9—Democratic National Convention in Baltimore, for the nomination of candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency.

THE PATERSON MURDERESS.—Libbie Garrabrant was visited by a prominent clergyman of Paterson, whose counsel appeared to have effect upon her. He left a tract for her perusal. She remarked, after having read it. "Anybody could be good after reading such a book as that." The fact that the unfortunate girl has had no religious instruction, and that she is in almost all respects a heathen in a Christian community, has engendered such sympathy in her behalf that the church people of Paterson are working for her as earnestly as if she was one of their number. It has been reported in Paterson that she is not in a condition to be hanged under the construction of law which forbids the taking of the life of two persons for the crime of one. This circumstance with the consideration that she is a person of weak intellect, has procured over 1,200 signatures to a petition which sets forth that her death instead of vindicating justice, "would shock the moral sense of the whole community."

AN ARMY STORY.—The boastful talk about conversions, which we hear on all sides, is well hit off by an army story. Chaplain X. called at Col. Z's headquarters, and turning the conversation on revivals, told what an interest was excited in his own regiment. "What do yo mean?" asked Col. Z., puzzled at his language. The chaplain replied that a revival was then going on, and he had baptized thirty-four men in the river that very week. Col. Z., turning to an orderly, "Orderly! Tell Major ——— to order out one hundred men for instant baptism. If that, Sir." turning to the chaplain, "is to be the test of regimental standing, this regiment shall not be outdone by yours or any other in the service."

THE COST.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* has the following: "Our Belfast correspondent telegraphs; it is announced that Mr. Joseph G. Biggar chairman of the Home Rule meeting lately held in Belfast, will contest the representation of Carrickfurgus at the next general election, and that he will expend from £4,000 to £5,000 on the issue of the struggle. Mr. Biggar is a provision merchant in Belfast, and ex-chairman of the Belfast Water Board."

OF COURSE.—The women of Damascus, Ill., take part in the discussion of the Farmers' Club meeting. A recent conundrum was, "Shall we dress for comfort or for show?" It was of course decided to dress for comfort, and then they all went away, and, at the next meeting each appeared with a "three-decker" head-dress and a "Dolly Varden" suit.

The fact that the "Short-Horn Herdbook," recently issued, contains additional pedigrees of 2,000 bulls and 3,000 cows, indicates the firm hold this breed has taken upon American farmers.

THERE are fifty-four churches in Milwaukee, Wis., nine of them being Roman Catholic.

A Chapter on Iron.

In an address before the American Institute of Mining Engineers, Mr. Hewett discussed the iron question. His figures and statistics of the business are interesting. He said in 1856 the annual production of iron had reached about 7,000,000 of tons, of which Great Britain produced 3,500,000 tons, and the United States about 1,000,000. The consumption of Great Britain was 144 pounds, and of the United States 84 pounds, while the average consumption of the world was only 17 pounds, per head, of population. It was shown that the consumption per head was steadily on the increase, and that consequently the annual production was enlarging so rapidly as to double once in 14 years; and it was predicted, after making due allowances for all drawbacks, such as the wars which have unhappily taken place in the interval beyond any possible expectation, that in 1875 the production of iron would surely reach 14,000,000 tons. The actual returns show that in 1871 the production amounted to 13,500,000 tons, and in 1872, the limit 14,000,000 will undoubtedly be passed, so that the estimate made in 1856 is more than realized. Meanwhile, the consumption has risen in England to 200 pounds, in the United States to 150 pounds, and in the whole world to 30 pounds per head. This demand will require 14,000,000 tons annually more than Great Britain can supply. The history of the trade, as well as the natural resources of the several nationalities, prove that the bulk of this additional product can only be made in the United States. We are, in fact, the only people who have kept pace with Great Britain in the ratio of increase. In 1855, when Great Britain produced 3,500,000 tons, we produced 1,000,000. In 1872, when Great Britain will produce 7,000,000, we produce 2,000,000—the quantity produced in Great Britain in 1847 showing that we are only 25 years in arrear of her magnificent production. At the same rate, therefore, we could make 7,000,000 tons in 1897. But as Great Britain cannot possibly maintain her rate of increase, there does not seem room for a doubt that our annual production will reach at least 10,000,000 before the close of the present century. This means that 25,000,000 to 40,000,000 tons of iron ore shall be annually extracted from our mines. It means that an investment of capital to the amount of $500,000,000 at least, and probably $1,000,000,000 shall be made in opening mines, erecting works and supplying the requisite machinery of production. New York is already the financial centre of the American Continent, and is destined to be the main distributor of capital for the world. This vast sum of money will therefore be drawn from the accumulations of capital controlled in New York, and its productive results will depend mainly upon the judgment and skill displayed in its expenditure.

Weather Reports.

The great success that has attended the efforts of the United States Signal Bureau, in furnishing the public with accurate summaries of the weather in every section of the country, has encouraged the officers in charge to still further extend the field of their work and usefulness. Hitherto the wants of commerce have been mainly considered, and therefore existing or approaching storms on the lakes or the sea-coast have been noticed or predicted. The marine interests of the country have been greatly benefited; wrecks have been averted, and many human lives saved. It is now felt, however, that the agricultural interest of the whole country should receive its share of the benefits accuring from these accurate weather bulletins, and an appropriation has been asked of Congress to defray the necessary expenses in that direction. It is proposed to establish a series of signal stations in the rural districts in every State throughout the Union, so that the daily report may be more thoroughly circulated among the farmers. This is a step in the right direction; for there can be no doubt that agriculturists would soon learn to rely upon these weather forecasts, and cultivate crops with great advantage and increased profits. Under the new system, the reports may easily be made useful to farmers, for a careful perusal of them would save them labor and enable them to plant more intelligently. Work would not be delayed, and crops need not be reaped when storms are imminent. Plowing and sowing seasons could be calulated, and the results of the year largely increased to individuals and the nation at large.

A LESSON FOR BOYS.—One day a fine Newfoundland dog and a mastiff had a sharp discussion over a bone or some other trifling matter, and warded away at each other with their sharp teeth angrily as two boys. They were fighting on a bridge; and being blind with rage, as is often the case, the first thing they knew over they went into the water. The banks were so high that they were forced to swim some distance before they came to a landing place. It was very easy for the Newfoundlander; he was as much at home in the water as a seal. But not so poor Bruce; he struggled and tried his best to swim, but made but little headway. Old Bravo (the Newfoundlander) had reached the land, and then turned to look at his old enemy. He saw plainly that his strength was fast failing, and that he was likely to drown. So, what should the noble fellow do but plunge in, seize him gently by the collar, and keeping his nose above water, tow him safely into port! It was funny to see these dogs look at each other as they shook their wet coats. Their glances said as plainly as words, "We'll never quarrel any more!"

A FUEL-SAVING SOCIETY is one of the unique but beneficient institutions of Philadelphia. It designs to encourage poor people to take measures to put by earnings in the mild portion of the year to secure fuel during the severely cold months at prices less than the ruling rates at that season. The society receives on deposit small sums of money from poor persons, which deposits secure fuel to their full value, and more, as last season the depositors were furnished coal at five and six dollars per ton, which cost the society six and seven. There were thirty-one hundred depositors last year, and this year the number is nearly four thousand. The work of the society is beneficient in more ways than one, besides providing for the comfort of its depositors, and preventing a large amount of suffering often resulting from improvidence, it is likely to educate the poorer classes into habits of economy and forethought in other particulars.

WHAT SHE WOULD DO.—The Parisians are recovering from the state of emotion into which they were plunged by the news of the murder of Mdme. Dubourg, and are beginning to recollect anecdotes more or less apropos. Here is the latest: At the Theatre Francais Mlle. D. was, in the presence of the author, repeating her part in a comedy by Scribe. "My child," said M. Scribe, "permit me to give you a hint. Here is the scene. Suppose that you are in your own room. A young man is at your feet making a passionate declaration of love to you; your husband suddenly enters. Now, what would you do?" "I would tell him to go away again," replied the artless maiden.

TWO TRACK laborers started to walk from Lake View to Buffalo. One of them, name unknown, pretended to be without money. The other, John Connelly, paid for his meals *en route*. When within five miles of the city the unknown man presented a pistol to Connelly's head, robbed him of $15, and proceeded on the track. A few minutes afterward he was overtaken by a passing train and killed.

CORN BREAD.—One cup sour milk or buttermilk, one cup molasses, one teaspoon of soda, meal and flour in the proportion of one-third flour to two-thirds meal; make it a stiff batter, stir well, steam two hours, bake half an hour in a quick oven.

A FREIGHT train on the Orange, Alexandria and Manassas Railroad ran over a cow about eight miles from Alexandria, Va., throwing the engine and cars off the track, killing two brakemen and seriously wounding the fireman.

Paying Dearly for Curiosity.

The many visitors to witness the eruptions of Mount Vesuvius have paid dearly for their temerity. A correspondent says that one pleasant morning the number of excursionists was unusually large. They had begun to disperse with the first indication of sunrise, but hundreds still lingered on the spot. Without a single movement to warn them, the earth opened under foot, and the dead lava which they had been treading upon as a curiosity turned again to molten fire. Those who were not engulfed in the chasm as it burst forth attempted to flee for their lives. Happily, the fleet and sure of foot were many. They reached safety; but woe to whoever fell by the way! The earth they fell on was already at furnace-heat, and fresh waves of lava overtook them ere they could rise again. A few were miraculously delivered by noble efforts on the part of the strong-nerved men in the company. Dragging them in haste toward the observatory, their deliverers placed them in the carriages which were waiting there, and accommodation was provided for them at Resina. I have been told by a friend, who was at the very edge of the chasm when it burst open, that the effect on the imagination was as though the whole mountain had begun to move from its basis. As he fled, he felt as if the whole mountain was following him, and not until he had recovered his senses at Resina could he convince himself that what he had seen was only a partial eruption of the crust which overlies the hidden fires of Vesuvius. An account in a Neapolitan journal affirms that there were two simultaneous openings, and that flames, bursting out from both, enveloped in a circle of fire all who were within reach. A carriage which happened to be inside this circle was burnt up in an instant, as if it had been spirited away. Shortly before the eruption a lady was seen in it, but of her nothing whatever has been heard since. The burns inflicted were of a peculiarly painful character, even when they looked slight. The patients, on reaching the hospital, were immediately enveloped in wool. Notwithstanding the care with which they have been dressed, and the skill with which they are nursed, they cannot move without enduring agony which compels them to scream.

In the Saddle.

A cavalry camp immediately after reville, says Gen. Custer in his "Life on the Plains," always presents an animated and most interesting scene. As soon as the rolls are called and the reports of absentees made to headquarters, the men of the companies, with the exception of the cooks, are employed in the care of the horses. The latter are fed, and while eating are thoroughly groomed by the men, under the superintendence of their officers. Nearly an hour is devoted to this important duty. In the meanwhile the company cooks, ten to each company, and the officers' servants, are busily engaged preparing breakfast, so that within a few minutes after the horses have received proper attention breakfast is ready, and being very simple it requires but little time to dispose of it. Immediately after breakfast the first bugle call indicative of the march is the "General," and is the signal for the tents to be taken down and everything packed in readiness for moving. A few minctes later this is followed by the bugler at headquarters sounding "Boots and saddles," when horses are saddled up and the wagon train put in readiness for "pulling out." Five minutes later "To horse" is sounded, and the men of each company lead their horses into line, each trooper standing at the head of his horse. At the words "Prepare to mount," from the commanding officer, each trooper places his left foot in the stirrup; and at the command "Mount," every man rises in his stirrup and places himself in his saddle, the whole command presenting the appearance to the eye of a huge machine propelled by one power. Woe betide the unfortunate who through carelessness or inattention fails to place himself in the saddle simultaneously with his companions. If he is not for this offence against military rule deprived of the services of his horse during the succeeding half day's march, he escapes luckily. As soon as the command is mounted the "Advance" is sounded, and the troops, usually in "column of fours," move out. The company leading the advance one day march in rear the following day. This successive changing gives each company an opportunity to march by regular turn in advance. Our average daily march, when not in immediate pursuit of the enemy, was about twenty-five miles. Upon reaching camp in the evening the horses were cared for as in the morning, opportunities being given them to graze before dark. Pickets were posted and every precaution adopted to guard against a surprise.

A YEAR'S VITAL STATISTICS IN LONDON.—London, with a population of 3,500,000, still grows rapidly. The number of births last year was 112,535—against 80,332 deaths. The estimated increase of population between the middle of 1871 and 1875 is 48,719; so that the natural increase was supplemented by about 16,080, representing the excess of immigration over emigration. The birth rate in London in 1871 was equal to 34.5 per thousand persons, being 0.5 below the rate for all England. The birth rate (says the *Times*) varies remarkably in different sections of the population, depending much upon ages, proportion of the sexes, conjugal conditions, and social position. The death rate in London in 1871 was 24.7 per thousand, being 2.1 above the rate for all England; exclusive of the deaths from small-pox, the London death rate would have been only 22.3. As it was, the rate of mortality was higher than in any year since 1866, when cholera was epidemic. The male death rate of London in 1871 was 26.6, while among females it was only 22.8; at the recent census there were 113.7 females living in London to each 100 males. In 1871 there were 2,594 deaths from violent causes in London, 2,138 of them from negligence or accident, including 909 from fractures and contusions, among which are 208 deaths caused by horses or vehicles in the streets. Among the deaths by negligence or accidents, are 490 from suffocation, not especially of infants; there were 109 nearly all cases of murder or manslaughter, nearly all of them cases of infanticide.

THE HOUSE AMNESTY BILL.—The bill signed by the President is to remove political disabilities imposed by the fourteenth article of the amendments to the Constitution of the United States. This article provides that no person shall be a Senator or Representative in Congress, or elector of President and Vice-President, or hold any office, civil or military, under the United States, or under any State, who, having previously taken oath as a member of Congress, or as an officer of the United States, or as a member of any State Legislature, or as an executive or judicial officer of any State, to support the Constitution of the United States, shall have been engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the same, or given aid or comfort to the enemies thereof. Congress has by the bill just passed, which obtained the requisite two-thirds vote in each House, removed the disabilities from all persons whomsoever, except the Senators and Representatives of the Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh Congresses, officers in the judicial, military, and naval services of the United States, heads of departments, and foreign ministers of the United States. The exceptions will, it is supposed, cover less than 200 cases, including Jefferson Davis and John C. Breckinridge.

THE UNITED STATES NAVY.—Desertions from the United States Navy at all the ports continue, and continued enlistments must be made to keep the companies full. It is expected that of nearly every port, after a pay day at least ten per cent. of the men will leave. It is known that desertions from the navy are numerous every, spring as during the fall enlistments are made by sailors, boatmen and others simply to be provided for during the winter. The desertions have never been so numerous, however, as they have been this spring. Reducing the pay and requiring that all money due for clothing shall be deducted from the pay roll at one time.

A LOCOMOTIVE was lately run, experimentally 77 miles in one hour.

UNITED STATES CONGRESS.

SENATE.

In the Senate Mr. Casserly's motion to reduce the duty on quinine to 10 per cent. ad volorem passed. A motion to recede from the amendment providing for the Brazilian subsidy was also passed, and the house resolution to adjourn on June 3 sine die was reported with an amendment rescinding the order for an ajournment on the 29th of May.

The Senate concurred in the House resolution to adjourn on the 3d of June. During the debate on the tariff bill, the section concerning copper was struck out and a proposition to place scientific books, or books in foreign languages of more than twenty years' standing, on the free-list, rejected.

The duty on tobacco was placed at 24 cents per pound. A Western judicial district was established in North Carolina.

HOUSE.

In the House the Senate bill providing for three professors of mathematics at the Naval Academy, with the relative rank attached of Captain, four with the rank of commanders, and five with the rank of Lieutenant-Commander or Lieutenant, was passed. The House then proceeded to the consideration of the Senate amendments to the Army Appropriation bill. All the amendments were disposed of, and a Committee of Conference ordered on the disagreeing votes. Mr. Garfield introduced a bill granting to the widow of Gen. Robert Anderson a pension of $50 a month. Passed. The Committee of Ways and Means reported a bill regulating the collection of taxes on fermented liquors, and stated that it did not change the rate of taxation, but only simplified the mode of collection. The bill, which is a long one, with formal provisions, was passed without being read. The Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, reported a bill appropriating $100,000 for a Government building and site at Atlanta, Ga. Passed. Also, a bill appropriating $5,000 for the repairs, furnishing and ornamentation of the Government building at Bath, Me. Passed. Also, a bill appropriating $200,000 for a Government building at Utica, N. Y.

The House rejected, after a spirited debate, the Brazilian subsidy amendment. A motion of Mr. Dawes to suspend the rules and adopt a concurrent resolution extending the time for ajournment until the 3d of June was passed by a larg majority.

The House, after appointing a committee to investigate the charges against Judge Delahay, of Kansas, came to a vote on the Ku-Klux bill. It was lost, twenty-three Republicans voting with the Democrats. The Supplementary Civil Rights bill was also rejected.

The House passed the Senate bill regarding Louisiana election matters.

Acts Approved by the President.

The President of the United States has approved the following:

An act to prohibit the retention of soldiers' discharges by claims agents and attorneys.

An act to reduce the limits of the military reservation at Fort Stanton, New Mexico.

An act relinquishing certain wharf property in the City of New Orleans.

An act to fix the times for holding United States courts in the Eighth Circuit.

An act to authorize the City of Buffalo, N. Y., to construct a tunnel under Niagara River, and for other purposes.

An act to grant American register to the Haiwaian bark Florence.

An act to regulate the mode of making private contracts with Indians.

An act to authorize the construction of a bridge over the tide water of Dunstan River, Me.

An act to authorize the issue of a supply of arms to the authorities of the Territory of Montana.

An act to enable the City of Denver to purchase certain lands in Colorado for a cemetery.

Nominations for President.

The number of nominations for President of the United States are already beginning to be bewildering. Thus far we have the following, and there are several national conventions yet to be heard from:

Labor Reform—For President, David Davis, of Illinois; for Vice-President, Joel Parker, of New Jersey.

Temperance—For President, James Black, of Pennsylvania; for Vice-President, John Russell of Michigan.

Woman Suffrage—For President, Victoria C. Woodhull, of New York; for Vice-President, Frederick Douglass, of Washington.

Liberal Republicans—For President, Horace Greeley, of New York; for Vice-President, B. Grantz Brown, of Missouri.

Anti-Secret Societies—For President, Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts; for Vice-President, Charles F. Howard of Illinois.

Working Men—For President, U. S. Grant, of Illinois; for Vice-President, Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts.

MINUS CHARACTERS.—Quite an audible smile, at the expense of Spiggles and Lady, was created at Belville Hall, one winter evening. The occasion was a Fancy Dress Ball given by the Crœsus Club. It was understood that the members of the party were to dress in character, and a heardl, or usher, was stationed at the door of the main saloon to announce to the company within the different characters as they entered. Young Spiggles, being the son of a millionaire, and a golden light of the Crœsus, enjoyed the freedom of the club saloons, and having been able to find no masquerade dress quite up to his fancy, he had concluded to appear in his usual attire; and likewise his Aramanthea Sophia, daughter of old Barnacle Bullion, hung upon his arm in her ordinary evening dress of chignon, diamonds and lace. "We don't trouble ourselves with characters to-night," said the newcomer. Spiggles and Miss Bullion entered, and their advent was announced, in stentorian tones, by the usher: "A young gentleman and lady *without any characters!*"—*Ledger.*

FOOLED HIM.—A touching incident is reported from Chattanooga. An utter stranger called on a respectable farmer, last week, and asked him if his house had not been robbed during the war. The farmer replied that it had. "I," said the stranger, "was one of the marauding party that did it. I took a little silver locket." "That locket," said the farmer, bursting into tears, "had been worn by my dear, dead child." "Here it is," replied the stranger, visibly affected: "I am rich; let me make restitution; here are $20 for your little son." He gave the farmer a $50 bill and received $30 in chance. He then wrung the farmer's hand warmly, and left. The farmer has since dried his tears and loaded hi shot-gun. The $50 bill was bad.

SHARP BOY.—The Rev. Mr. H——— had a large family of unruly boys, and one of them did something very wrong, but as none of them would confess it, he decreed that he would punish them all, and then he would be sure to find the real culprit. Lisping Jimmy, the youngest, retired to a corner and grumbled. "What is that you say?" asked his father. "I thaid," whimpered Jimmy, "that that'th the way old Herod did. He killed all the children, tho that he would be thure to kill Jethuth."

First-class *Railroad Bonds* are the best for investments. Write to CHARLES W. HASSLER, No. 7 Wall Street, N. Y. *

A THRIFTY FAMILY.—The head of a family in Omaha earns fifty dollars per month by his labor, two boys earn eight dollars per week, and two girls six dollars more. Two girls beg enough to support the whole family and four boarders besides, thus leaving the money earned as a fund to clothe them and pay for the house and lot lately purchased.

IF you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have frequent head-ache, mouth tastes badly, poor appetite and tongue coated, you are suffering from Torpid Liver or "Biliousness," and nothing will cure you so speedily or permanently as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. 600

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION.—Who of our readers has not suffered from the ills and varied forms of this hydra-headed tormentor, which originates from loss of tone in the stomach, or more particularly in its muscular or fibrous coating, which becomes pale and feeble. It would require pages to describe all the symptoms and various sympathetic affections of indigestion, and the torture to which the dyspeptic is subjected, but which may be compressed into one brief comprehensive sentence: *You feel sick, depressed, and unfit for the duties of life.* Nevertheless, there is nothing more certain than that dyspepsia in all its phases, can be thoroughly eradicated. There is but one way to cure indigestion, viz: by toning and strengthening the stomach and general system, gently relaxing the bowels if constipated, and regulating the liver if disordered. A remedy for this human peace destroyer is CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS, which have the rare merit of containing *no alcohol*, the virtues of the medicinal Californian Plants, which constitute their healing and curing